

intelligence.

The reports had been filtering through for months. But suddenly there seemed to be a slight change of pattern and emphasis.

How much credence should be placed on this particular source? Is there any independent corroboration? What could or should you do about it?

We're inviting you to tackle these issues in a career with a very special part of Her Majesty's Government - the Security Service. It's a career like no other but it is one that requires qualities which a lot of people in fact already possess.

We're looking for strong candidates at two levels of entry.

Level 1: Your starting point is 3-4 years of work experience and a good honours degree or the intellectual clout with which you could have gained one had you so chosen. You need the analytical ability to cut through a mass of detail to get at the true picture. You'll be working in a team with people who approach the issues from many different angles. You need to be an excellent judge of human nature and someone who communicates well with people both face-to-

face and in writing. On top of all this your sound common sense, integrity and discernment enable you to find the most effective way to get your point across and make firm recommendations for action.

Level 2: In addition to the above you will have greater experience of work and the world. Your involvement would be more in managing the information gathering process and responding to the other operational needs of the Service. You'll need a proven track record of managing people and resources, and juggling conflicting priorities, with a clear understanding of the impact of your decisions. Exceptional powers of communication and persuasion will make you adept at talking your way into situations with the opportunity for gathering useful information, as well as the resourcefulness to extract yourself from less promising circumstances. The ability to deal with ambiguity and make decisions on partial information is essential. Security threats never conform to a neat routine and neither will your work - so flexibility is also essential.

People from a wide range of backgrounds

find this work uniquely satisfying: our list includes marketing executives, teachers, fund raisers, overseas aid workers, academics and journalists. You'd enjoy comprehensive training and development, with full involvement in work of national and international importance. The salary's good rather than lavish: you'll be working in a friendly and supportive environment and able to take advantage of the excellent facilities at our central London headquarters. In terms of its constantly changing mix of challenge and achievement, this is probably the career for you.

The Security Service has a firm equal opportunities policy and we are keen to recruit people from ethnic minorities or with disabilities. However you do need to be a British citizen to apply.

For more information telephone our Recruitment Advisor at Austin Knight Limited, London W1A 1DS on 0171 439 5803 (24 hour answering service). But try and avoid telling your friends about your application, because discretion is a serious part of working for the Security Service.

Please quote reference A1478.

**SEE
PAGE 3**



Use it to create waves and prevent repercussions.

WHAT WE THINK

Preaching to the world

Of course, we should have expected it. Newly installed Foreign Secretary Robin Cook has got off to the worst possible start by pronouncing that henceforth British foreign policy will follow a 'moral agenda'. Nations which do not meet this Labour Government's criteria of what is 'moral' will be dealt with differently from those which do—presumably beginning with an embargo on arms sales to them.

One problem with this rule is that what the Labour Government regards as 'moral' is likely to be a strictly subjective judgement. It will have nothing whatever to do with 'morality' as the ordinary individual understands it: honesty, decency, justice, fair dealing, etc. It will require to satisfy the canons of political correctness. It will also most probably be highly selective. Crimes of governments (real or imaginary) which meet with left-wing approval will be ignored or glossed over; only those provoking left-wing anger will arouse the Government's moral indignation and qualify for leper treatment.

But beyond this there is the fact that Mr.

Cook's rantings about 'morality' are out of step with all the principles of foreign policy observed by political leaders who live in the real world. In the real world foreign policy is conducted first and foremost in the service of national interests. This is not to say that in the execution of that policy the basic decencies should not be observed as far as possible, only that decisions of foreign policy in which national interests are subordinated to considerations of political ideology—which almost certainly is what our new Foreign Secretary has in mind when he speaks of a 'moral agenda'—are indicative of a nation that has lost its will to survive and will surely be outwitted, outsold, outmanoeuvred and in every other way outdone by its international rivals.

Shame at home

While Robin Cook was getting on his moral high horse in the Foreign Office, Labour's new team at the Northern Ireland Office (NIO) got down to their plans to give a massive boost to the credibility and morale of Sinn Fein-IRA by holding talks with its blood-splattered spokesmen. As part of the 'negotiation process'—Whitehall Newspeak for 'surrender'—it was announced that several convicted IRA bombers in gaol in England would be transferred to prisons in Northern Ireland, so as to be nearer to their families.

Two prisoners, however, received no such consideration from Labour's Mo Mowlam. Mark Wright and Jim Fisher are serving life for the 1992 'murder' of a youth in the hardline republican New Lodge district of north Belfast. At the time, Wright was only 18, while Fisher was just 24. Tried without a jury in a Diplock court, the two have been in Maghaberry prison in Co. Antrim ever since, even though their

families and friends have to travel from Scotland and England to visit them. This was particularly harsh last Christmas, when the then-Tory controlled NIO released more than 100 terrorists from Northern Ireland prisons to allow them to spend a week with their families, but refused to include Wright and Fisher on the list.

This followed the NIO's equally spiteful refusal to refer their case to the Life Sentence Review Board before the end of 1998. This politically-motivated decision was quashed after a judicial review last November, following which a High Court judge, Mr. Justice Girvan, ordered that the case should be reviewed and recommended that the two young men should be released. The Tory NIO promised that Sir Patrick Mayhew would take personal steps to ensure that action would be taken, and promptly did nothing.

Here, surely, was a chance for Blair's New Moral Labour to right a wrong created by Tory spite. A chance to reunite families. A chance to show that the executive does not consider itself to be above the rulings of the judiciary. Well, er, not quite. IRA terrorists may be entitled to early transfers and early release, but not these two.

Why? Because Mark Wright and Jim Fisher are Scots Guards, and the youth they shot was a republican who, when stopped for routine questioning, assaulted their patrol commander and then ran off. The two guardsmen gave chase, only to find him leading them into an area where more than a dozen IRA 'coffee jar bombs'—deadly weapons packed with Semtex and rusty nuts, bolts and nails—had been thrown at soldiers in ambushes over the previous weeks, during which one of their comrades had been killed. After the youth had repeatedly ignored warnings to stop, the two nervous soldiers, who by this time had found that the three-street chase had left them cut off from their unit, opened fire and shot him dead.

So Labour pussyfoots with cowardly IRA terrorists who planted bombs which inflicted carnage on civilians and soldiers on ceremonial duties, but refuses to lift a finger to help two young soldiers wrongly imprisoned for murder under the Tories for a possible error of judgement in the performance of their duty under conditions of deadly danger. How biased! How malevolent! How anti-British! How bloody typical!

Puss in jackboots

One more item on the antics of New Labour also deserves a mention before we move on to more wholesome subjects.

Old-fashioned lefties are already expressing concern over rapid Government moves to privatise all council houses, to introduce industrial conscription (a.k.a. 'benefit reform'), and to continue the pay squeeze that has led to a critical shortage of nurses. But if any of them happened to have taken a close look at the *Daily Telegraph* on 12th May, they would have got an even bigger shock. Tucked away

Spearhead

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Editor: John Tyndall Assistant Editor: Tom North

Spearhead exists to reflect a cross-section of contemporary British Nationalist opinion. It is privately published by its Editor and is independent of all political parties and groups.

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in the depths of the paper was a short article which is worth reproducing almost in full:-

"The contest to be Tony Blair's most right-wing minister is hotting up. Fans of Jack Straw, the Home Secretary, have been pretty bullish, noting their man's decision to build new private jails to house the young offenders he plans to lock up.

"Now, however, Frank Field, the Social Security Minister, has hit back. On Thursday, I am told, he breakfasted with Jose Pinera, the Chilean economist who privatised pensions in Chile for General Pinochet.

Even more encouragingly, Pinera's visit was being hosted by the free-market Adam Smith Institute.

"Field should not grow complacent, however. The institute is, I gather, also distinctly keen on Gordon Brown's decision to end political control of the Bank of England.

"This, it hopes, is merely 'the first step towards full privatisation'."

Although far too influenced by liberal capitalist think-tanks and the CIA to win our unstinting praise, General Pinochet did at least save his country from a Communist takeover. For this, in the late '70s and early '80s, he became the 'fascist' *bête noir* of the fiery young radicals of the Left — people like former Young Communist League members such as Peter Mandelson, tough working class trade union officials *a la* Gordon Brown, and CND members like Tony Blair. But here they all are, falling over themselves to introduce Pinochet's policies to Britain.

On pension privatisation in particular, one only has to open the City pages of the quality newspapers to hear the corporate fat cats licking their chops over the billions they know will drop onto their plates. Which is one reason so many internationalist financiers bankrolled New Labour. The things some people will do to get power. They'd sell their own grandparents, but, for now, they're just going to sell everybody else's!

"The name's not Bond"

A long British tradition came to an end on May 21st, when MI5 — Britain's political secret police — placed its first open recruitment advertisement in the national press in its 88-year history. This was announced as another step on the road to greater openness about the security service, a gradual process begun six years ago when the very feminine Stella Rimington became the first head of MI5 to be officially identified.

The charming Ms Rimington has now been replaced as MI5's director-general by Stephen Lander, who has continued the policy of liberalisation. As part of this, a wave of cuts have reduced staff numbers from well over 2,000 to around 1,900. The older operatives who have been 'let go' were typically recruited from the armed forces, the police, or Oxbridge. Such a conservative and *elitist* policy is, however, nearly as out of keeping with the

spirit of Blair's Britain as it was with Major's, hence the decision to appeal to a wider range of potential recruits through the national press.

As a matter of fact, this change has much to commend it. Back in the 1920s, the Moscow Comintern understood the crucial role of Oxford and Cambridge graduates in staffing the machinery of the British state, and infiltrated both universities accordingly, recruiting a whole generation of Marxists, most of them homosexual, to work as Soviet agents. One of the reasons that the resulting 'homintern' network was so effective was the very restricted circle from which MI5 and MI6 recruited. A move away from such a policy may be seventy years overdue, but is better late than never. One cannot help wondering, however, what marketing genius came up with the overall design of the advert. Water drips from an inverted letter 'i' at the start of the word 'intelligence'. What are we supposed to make of this — that MI5 leaks like a sieve?

That apart, while the appearance of the recruitment advertisement is a good sign, what it actually had to *say* is just another symptom of the terminal sickness of liberal society: "The Security Service has a firm

Former MI5 boss Stella Rimington. Did she introduce a "don't ask, don't tell" policy for homosexuals in the Security Service?



equal opportunities policy and we are keen to recruit people from ethnic minorities or with disabilities."

Even worse emerged a few days later, when the London homosexual journal, the *Pink Paper* revealed that telephone enquiries had established that MI5's equal opportunities policy now extends to homosexuals. It doesn't often happen, but words fail us!

Then there is the problem of *where* the advertisement appeared. Not, as one might have expected, in the *The Times*, *The Telegraph*, in *The Observer*, or even — in order to avoid any possibility of political bias — in a combination of the quality broadsheets. The advertisement which is intended to bring in the next generation of MI5 personnel — the people who are to be entrusted with protecting British interests and the British people from terrorists, subversives, industrial and military espionage and international drugs barons — appeared only in *The Guardian*.

Not ten years ago, *Guardian* readers probably made up a majority of MI5's targets, not for recruitment, but for observation. Not only did its audience make up the majority of the 'useful idiots' in Communist front-groups such as the

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, but its journalists had a long record of providing the most sympathetic coverage outside of the lunatic hard-left fringe to every anti-British cause from Irish republicanism to Black Power.

And, of course, none of that has changed. *The Guardian* is widely seen as the most poisonous mainstream press example of the fundamentally anti-national and anti-white attitudes of the liberal *intelligentsia*. And its readership is still made up overwhelmingly of the left-wing chattering for whom, as George Orwell pointed out, an anti-British bias in all things is not just a fashion, but an instinct.

So what does the advertisement in *The Guardian* tell us about MI5? First, that the very feminine Stella Rimington, with her talk of the threat of 'right-wing extremism' becoming a major concern for the service, was not an isolated or unrepresentative sample of the sort of people now in charge of this important and immensely powerful agency. Quite simply, the people running the show advertised in *The Guardian* either because they are themselves (God help us!) *Guardian* readers or, because they wanted to curry favour with their new masters in parliament, who are *Guardian* readers.

Either way, the really frightening thing is that they think that *Guardian* readers are ideal material to become the guardians of Britain. We beg to differ!

Still, they are the ones with the power at present, so they will get their way. What does this mean for the future? That we will have to face a secret political police which, like Janet Reno's FBI, no longer has as its prime concern the defence of the nation from genuine enemies and genuine subversives; but the protection of an unrepresentative, corrupt and tyrannical politically correct minority from the consequences of its own folly and from the growing anger of the people whom it has betrayed.

The fact that the advertisement appeared where it did is in itself a good indication of just how far down that road we already are. Knowing the sort of people who will be recruited as a result gives a fair warning of how much worse things will become before we get a chance to make them better.

It's a pretty grim outlook, relieved only by contemplating the sort of characters we will encounter in future James and Janice Bond books. Think of it!

The heroic agent from the new-look, politically correct MI5 will sport a wispy beard (regardless of sex), wear a nicotine patch, and spurn the advances of glamorous foreigners in favour of a mutually supportive same-sex relationship with a partially-handicapped Afro-Caribbean social worker in Hackney. Taking a break from the desperate battle to prevent hundreds of cloned SS men from provoking communal violence between peaceable Sikhs and Muslims in Slough, 007 will waddle into a vegetarian cafe and utter those immortal words: "Alcohol-free, fermented bean juice. Shaken, not stirred."

AMUSING INCIDENT AT POOLE

AT EVERY BNP meeting that I have attended something interesting happens: an enthralling or inspirational speech; a delightful account of the folly of our present national leaders; a presentation of the comical antics of the left, or a serious analysis of the present erosion of the British way of life. In a pre-election BNP meeting in Poole, however, the powers that rule our lives excelled themselves.

The meeting had proceeded in an orderly fashion at the Angel Public House. If not angelic, we were certainly entirely within the law. The first speaker had enlightened us about the Boxer Rebellion in China and the second speaker was nearing the end of his discourse, when the comedy team arrived.

It had not been invited, or even expected, but some of the best things in life are unforeseen.

For the previous quarter of an hour or so, mysterious silhouettes had flitted past outside the windows. Now a face peered through the window behind the speakers' table. When it saw that it was being observed, it hurriedly withdrew.

After a pause, the door at the other end of the room opened and, behold! The comedy team — alias the Poole Police Force. Nearly all of it, I should judge.

When the visitors were all safely within (safety in numbers), a loud and unpleasant voice ordered us to stay where we were, and informed us that a search would be made.

The intrepid defenders of law and order filtered through the room. They examined the literature for sale upon the table, the BNP member in charge was searched. To their great disappointment (one supposes), they found no bombs in his back pocket, and no hundred-weight of heroin in his wallet.

Invaders

Other members suffered the same treatment. At least the invaders had obeyed the rule requiring them to have a WPC available to search the ladies — publicly! (although I had always thought that female suspects were taken into a private room to be searched, not forced to display their underwear to the gaze of a mixed gathering).

One poor officer had the job of examining the speaker's notes on the table at the front of the hall. For the cultural improvement of our police force, one would hope that he is now something of an expert on the Boxer Rebellion (1898-1900). Somehow, I doubt it.

I regret to say that I disobeyed the initial injunction to stay where I was, and sat down beside a friend of mine. For this heinous crime I expect to be arrested, tried and convicted any day now, and subsequently incarcerated with paedophiles, rapists and mass-murderers (if they still imprison such unfortunate victims of society and dysfunctional upbringing).

Two young policemen came over to us. I was asked my name and address. Legally, I was not obliged to give these, but I handed my card to the policeman assigned to me and was amused to see that he became considerably more courteous. I daresay that he had not previously met that strange specimen of humanity, a Doctor of Philosophy from one of our better universities.

He examined the contents of my very shallow case. He looked inside the case itself. What he expected to find in its half-inch deep interior I do not know. He then disembowelled my wallet; and became even more polite — not to say reverent — when he took out my pass to the British Museum Reading and Manuscript Rooms.

My collection of personal cards baffled him. He picked one up and said: "Is this you?" I gently explained that I was not my Japanese friend who lives in Nice. Bemused, he eventually returned my wallet. No apology, of course. It would seem that our modern police

stated that he was acting sergeant that night. I presume that his superiors were watching the football on TV and did not want to be disturbed.

Then I informed PC Handscombe that he had no right to close the meeting. Realising his gaffe, he quickly informed me that it was the licensee who had ordered the meeting closed.

"Move along, now"

The cream of the comedy turn (which had now become rather dull and repetitious) came when PC Acting-Sergeant-for-the-football-season Handscombe told us to leave quickly, as the public houses were about to close and this was a busy time for them.

This caused no little merriment among the BNP members, for the police outnumbered us, and probably represented the entire available force. It was obvious that innocent, unarmed, law-abiding citizens are considered more of a threat to the Establishment than armed thugs and drug-pushers! (This may be true, given the character and commercial interests of the leaders of the old parties).

As we left in our own good time, without hurrying, I counted no fewer than six police cars outside the public house, probably the whole of the transport facilities of the Poole police force. This to cope with fifteen people!

I am awaiting a thank-you letter (with a generous cut of the swag) from the large and ever-expanding criminal population of Poole, for our unintentional diversion of the entire local force of law and order for that evening.

To end on a serious note, we are a legal political party, and nothing criminal was found as a result of what was, for the area, a major police operation. Expensive harassment!

The members of the BNP responded splendidly. There were protests, but these were made in an orderly fashion. The most emphatic of these was made by a gentleman who was at a party meeting for the first time, and who was not even a member.

And the result to us? More than one said he or she was glad it had happened. It confirmed what the BNP says about the state of affairs in our land today. This was the first BNP meeting for several, and I heard them say that they would never have believed it possible if it had not happened, and that they would now support us to the hilt.

So it was an excellent recruiting drive for our party by the Poole police. Therefore our thanks go to them, to Sir Paul Condon — who has set the politically correct pace for ambitious Chief Constables — and to Michael Howard. Their harassment of innocent citizens backfired. No doubt life under the new Home Secretary, Jack Straw, will become even more exciting. But the BNP is made all the stronger by such unprovoked, unjustified and crudely executed operations. Keep it up!

A tale of life in free Britain, by Dr. DONALD STEVENS

force never apologises, except to ethnic minorities or to criminals.

My companion, with unperturbed good humour, showed them a Hebrew good-luck charm that had been given to him by a Jewish lady. He also referred them to various gentlemen associated with Salisbury cathedral if they doubted his character. Following suit, I regretted not having brought a copy of the Greek New Testament for their entertainment, and my companion and I entered upon a brief discussion of the merits of certain editions of the Hebrew Old Testament.

Between us, I think we puzzled these two young policemen considerably. These topics of conversation did not seem to be the usual ones that they encounter in the persecution (sorry, I meant 'prosecution') of their duties.

By the way, why ask us our dates of birth? A police mystery. Perhaps the Chief Constable is doing a belated Ph.D. thesis on the age of thought criminals.

By this time, the search was finished. The same, raucous voice informed us that the meeting was over and ordered us to leave. I made my way to the voice and requested to see its warrant card. I also had him write his name on a piece of paper: 'PC 985 Handscombe Poole P.S.' He explained that the P.S. stood for Police Station. I nearly replied that, not being a member of the police force, I had already deduced that simple fact.

I expressed surprise that an ordinary constable should be in charge. He gruffly

FRANK-KIMBAL JOHNSON sets out to establish A NATIONALIST VOCABULARY

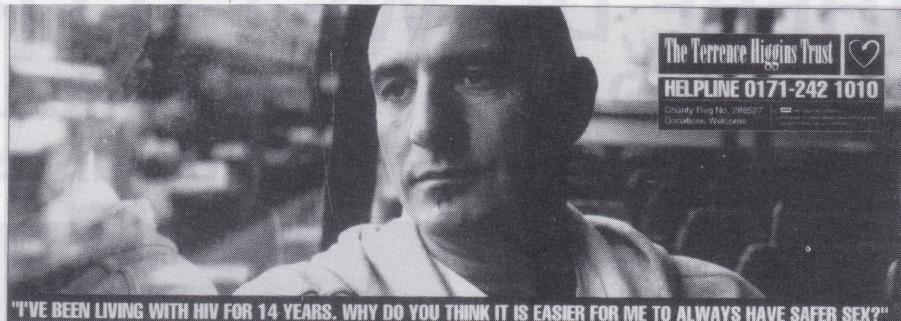
A

is for

AIDS

Auto-Immune Deficiency Syndrome. Originally known by the politically incorrect term, "the 'Gay' Plague." This disease originated in Africa and is now widespread among homosexuals, Africans, Latin-Americans, and drug addicts. It also occurs among promiscuous hetero- and bi-sexual people, particularly those who accept members of the above groups as sexual partners. It represents no hazard to people with a normal, wholesome and ethical lifestyle, except when they are inadvertently exposed to the body fluids of AIDS carriers working as doctors, dentists, nurses, caterers or muggers, or receive infected blood transfusions.

Contrary to popular belief and official propaganda, the disease can be transmitted through condoms, shared utensils and drinking vessels, towels, toilets, kissing, biting and many other vectors where infected blood, saliva or other bodily fluids are exchanged. (The delay in onset of symptoms does, however, make it very difficult to prove the precise means of infection). A huge publicity campaign has been launched by officialdom, with the enthusiastic support of the homosexual lobby and medical profession, suggesting that AIDS is everybody's problem and must be tackled at whatever cost to the taxpayer. The real truth of the matter is that:



"I'VE BEEN LIVING WITH HIV FOR 14 YEARS. WHY DO YOU THINK IT IS EASIER FOR ME TO ALWAYS HAVE SAFER SEX?"

Anti-AIDS advertisement targeting homosexuals. To get an idea of just how sick these people are, turn the advert upside down and look carefully at the logo

* The homosexual lobby (well-entrenched in the heart of the Establishment, in the media, show business, the professions, education, parliament and elsewhere) is terrified of being socially spotlighted and isolated as a grave menace to the general public. Accordingly, it promotes the fallacy that AIDS permeates the whole of society and so cannot be dealt with like other usually lethal infections, i.e. by isolating carriers from the general public. (Note, by the way, that the strict government regulations regarding the common 'notifiable diseases', such as smallpox, diphtheria and TB, have not been applied to AIDS).

* For obvious reasons of self-interest, the medical profession and drugs industry are cashing in on the 'AIDS threat', hoping to attract huge research grants and create more jobs for themselves.

Far from being a real menace to humanity, the AIDS virus should be seen as an entirely benevolent and eugenic agent of the evolutionary process, serving to eliminate degenerates. AIDS is nature's way of cherishing the *elite* of the evolutionary process and safeguarding its future. It is therefore our duty to expose and isolate AIDS carriers at every opportunity, and to attack the fraudulent campaign at present conducted on their behalf. Lists of known homosexuals and members of other high risk groups, should be compiled and circulated to homes, hospitals, schools, restaurants, pubs,

food shops and insurance companies.

There is no realistic prospect of discovering a cure for AIDS in the foreseeable future, and even if there were, the funds would be better employed for the benefit of more wholesome members of the population. In short, the demise of AIDS carriers (except where innocently infected) is a positive benefit to mankind.

ANAL

Acronym for the 'Anti-Nazi League', a moldorous motley of left-wingers, liberals and aliens.

Anti-Semitism

Label commonly attached by the controlled media to any opposition to Zionism (qv). The term is fundamentally inaccurate anyway, since the majority of Jews are not racially Semitic.

Apartheid

Afrikaans for 'separateness' or separate development for the different races. Bitterly opposed by liberal multi-racialists, who knew that, left to themselves, the native Africans would relapse into tribalism.

Agent provocateur

Person who infiltrates an organisation in order to create unrest with malicious rumours, or to encourage supporters to become involved in illegal activities liable to lead to their imprisonment, and to criminalise the organisation. See also: Entrapment (qv)

NEMESIS FOR THE TORIES: WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

JOHN TYNDALL looks at the future ramifications of the Conservative election disaster

ONE does not have to be a Labour supporter to derive a certain grim satisfaction from the almost cataclysmic hiding given to John Major and his gang at the general election on May 1st. Here was a downfall long portended and richly merited. It has been coming, not, as some would suppose, for the six years following the palace revolution against Margaret Thatcher, but for some three or four decades before that. It is the Tories' final reward for a whole era of betrayal of their traditional principles and their long-suffering patriotic supporters. Sometime it had to happen. In fact, it could not have happened at a better time.

Interestingly enough, if one wanted a perfect indication of the bankruptcy of British Conservatism, one could have found it, not in the events leading up to the recent electoral debacle, but in the internal post-mortem following it and the debate within Tory circles as to who will succeed the pathetic Major.

For the Tories, it seems, have learned precisely nothing from their humiliating defeat. All that they presently seem capable of thinking is that they have failed to present their policies persuasively enough, that their internal divisions have put off the electorate and, in the case of those on the right of the party, that they were not sufficiently convincing in their Euro-Scepticism.

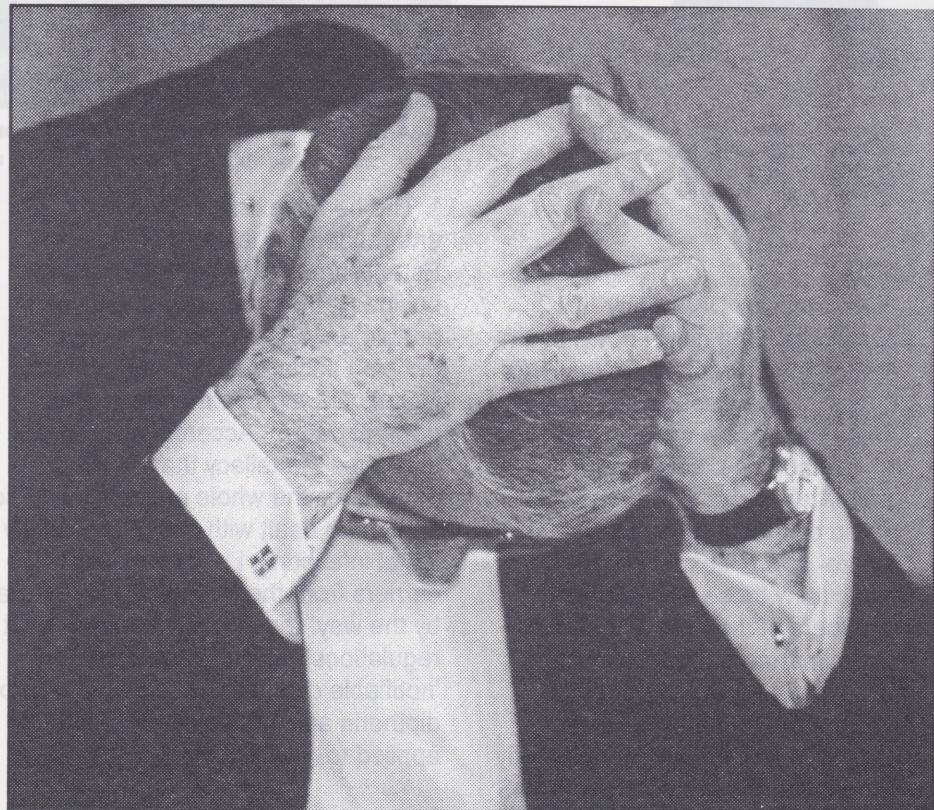
The head-in-the-sand attitude to the Tories' plight was best summed up in an article by Paul Johnson, a self-confessed Thatcherite, in the *Daily Mail* on May 15th. The gist of the article was that in recent years the Labour Party political machine and public relations apparatus has become much more slick and professional and that the Tories, to make up lost ground, must emulate their opponents. Just to take one example:-

"I went into a local Labour committee room and was bowled over by the number of people they had silently at work, the up-to-date machinery they were using and the sheer efficiency and persistence with which they were pulling out their supporters.

"By comparison, the Tories were dozy, antiquated and unmotivated. While Labour registered its maximum vote, more than three million Tory voters went missing.

"Hence, though Labour actually got fewer votes than Major did in 1992, the failure of the Tory machine meant that they lost all their marginals and nearly half their 'safe' seats.

"There was no miracle about May 1st. Labour's success was built on industry.



Gloom of a washed-up premier: the Tories' rout at the election was richly deserved

intelligence and good, modern ideas, well executed. There is nothing to stop the Tories doing the same, or better, next time and regaining all the lost ground."

While there is some truth in this contrast between the Labour and Tory approach to the election, the description of what went wrong for the Tories is at best a superficial one. It hides certain much more fundamental truths: that the Tory Government has made a monumental shambles of running Britain; that most of its policies have been wrong at very first base; that it has betrayed the British people in its deals with Europe and its refusal to tackle immigration; that it has debased itself by its record of sleaze and corruption; and that its leadership has been a joke.

These are the brutal facts that have lost the Tories at least three million votes and, perhaps equally important, disillusioned and alienated many thousands of once loyal party activists who might, had they been present, have brought the enthusiasm and professionalism to local campaigns which were so obviously lacking.

As for the supposition that the Tories lost the

battle because of inadequate presentation of their case to the electorate, this assumes that there was in the first place a case to present. The record of the Tories in office for 18 years points to there being very little case. At the end of the day, such case as they could summon consisted mainly of the argument that under a Labour Government things would get even worse than they already were. That is just about possible, though it provided an unconvincing reason for the electorate not to send the Tories packing.

Bogus economic claims

In the run-up to the election it was an everyday experience to hear Tory politicians and their supporters in the Tory press saying that not enough was being done by the party to exploit to its electoral advantage the successes the Major Government had achieved in the economic field. Perhaps this failure had something to do with the fact that such successes were mainly mythical and, where they could be proven, benefited only a small section of the voters. Mr. and Mrs. Average

Briton have indeed been able to see very little economic success in terms of improvements in their living standards or opportunities for themselves and their offspring in the market for settled jobs. They have contrasted Tory boasts of industrial resurgence and reduced unemployment with the evidence before their very eyes of imported manufactured goods flooding the market and the seeming hopelessness of their prospects of work in any permanent sense, particularly for the fathers and sons of families.

"Sack 'em all"

Certainly, the divisions that we have seen in the Tory Party have not helped in presenting the impression of a party fit for government, but it is my candid opinion that this played very little part in deciding the voters. Go into any bar or pause in any shop and you will not hear much talk of internal Tory divisions; rather are you likely to witness sweeping denunciations of the whole miserable pack of Tory politicians, right and left — the latter distinctions being of little consequence to the average voter, just supposing he or she understands them. The Tory politician, like his counterparts in the other parties, has a habit of presuming the people as a whole to be greatly concerned with those matters that are his own pet obsession and preoccupation.

But if we take the divisions within the Tory Party on face value we will fail to understand them properly. On face value, they are divisions between the 'Euro-Sceptics' (Redwood, Portillo, Howard, *et al*) and the 'Europhiles' (Clarke, Heseltine and others). What so many do not understand is that these 'Euroscopic' and 'Europhile' positions are not so much ones of vital principle as mere tactical poses adopted by politicians anxious to further their party careers and, in the case of a few, their prospects in the coming leadership contest. Not one single one of the now prominent 'Eurosceptics' has been noticeable as a long-standing and consistent crusader against European integration over the years. All of them are relative newcomers to the cause of British freedom and sovereignty — *after* having seen that there is a growing constituency in the party apprehensive of the surrender of these things and in many other ways disenchanted with Europe.

This brings us to the real division in the Tory Party, which is between the broad mass of rank-and-file members, particularly constituency activists, who are patriotically inclined and whose positions on most issues are strongly to the right of centre, and the élite comprising of the party's parliamentary rump, the Central Office caucus and the grandes in the shires whose outlook is internationalist and liberal.

This division has been festering for a long time. Some of us can remember electoral campaigns in the 1970s in which nationalists would come into contact with local

Conservatives and find the latter voicing agreement with them so strong as to invite the question: why then are you in the Tory Party and not with us? The answer was invariably the same: "The Tories are where the power is (or at least somewhere close to it) while you nationalists are out on the fringe. Only by remaining in the Tory Party can we influence events in any real way."

In virtually all these people there was the pitiful delusion that by remaining faithful to their old party allegiance they could somehow influence things for the better. In the meantime, there was always the old argument that they could fall back upon: "Whatever happens, we must keep Labour out." In other words, they had something to lose — or so they thought.

Slow though the process has been, these well-meaning folk have been gradually awakening to the rampant treason at the top of their party, and in recent years have spoken out ever more loudly in protest against it. Aspiring Tory politicians have heard these protests and calculated that, perhaps, their careers might not be done any harm by their appearing responsive to them. Hence today's 'left-right' conflict in the race for the succession to Major — a conflict which, as indicated, is much more rooted in tactical manoeuvring than in any great dispute as to principle.

Europe and the voters

For a long time after it became an issue, Europe failed to register very strongly in the minds of the voters. In recent years it has started to do so more than in the past, not because national sovereignty is a thing that Mr. Average Briton thinks about overmuch (in so far as he understands the meaning of the term), but because Europe is beginning to be seen to be 'hitting' increasing sections of the nation's businesses and workforce — as we always have predicted it would, albeit to deaf ears for so long. Where the European issue has become a matter of real passion is among those classes who stand in an intermediate position between the political élite and the general masses: the folk who take an above-average interest in politics, are more than averagely politically motivated and tend to belong to political groups, though themselves not greatly fired by political ambition. Tory constituency organisations are full of such people; and they now abound, increasingly, among ex-Tory members who have left the party in disgust and are seeking new pastures.

The course of the election was influenced, not so much by the voters' feelings about Europe, stronger though these may be than previously, as by the Tory leadership's ambiguous position towards the EU dismaying so many constituency party activists and creating the sparsely-manned, apathetic, rundown electoral machine of which Johnson spoke in his article. In my home area of Hove

— as traditional a Tory stronghold as one could find anywhere — Tory activists were virtually invisible, Tory window posters few and far between and Tory doorstep canvassers seemingly non-existent. Labour took the seat with a swing of 16.36 per cent!

Nothing learned

But are these truths registering among those who are going to be the candidates in the coming Tory leadership contest — and those who are going to determine the outcome of that contest? It does not look like it, for the Tories and their press are still talking of the contenders' prospects in terms of who can best appeal to both left and right, to Europhiles and Eurosceptics. The very young William Hague is being spoken of as a front-runner precisely because, seeming to stand for nothing definite, he has not so far made any enemies! In a personal portrait in the *Sunday Telegraph* of May 11th he was quoted as speaking about how much he wanted to change the Conservative Party (after the recent electoral whitewash, he'd have to do, wouldn't he?).

"the real division in the Tory Party is between the broad mass of rank-and-file members, particularly constituency activists, who are patriotically inclined...and the élite, comprising of the party's parliamentary rump, the Central Office caucus and the grandes in the shires, whose outlook is internationalist and liberal"

And what needed changing? "Everything," Master Hague said emphatically. There must be "modernisation." There must be "a comprehensive policy review." There must be a "consultative process" that would "involve the whole party and people beyond the party." One of the ways to bring people back into the Conservative Party, said Hague, warming to his theme, "is by bringing them straight into our decisions. I want to be able to say to young professional people: come with me in the Conservative Party and your voice will be listened to."

Pathetic? Indeed. But this is the current Tory whizz-kid who is being hotly tipped to step into Major's shoes. What was noticeable in the portrait — and so much so that the writer, Matthew d'Ancona, could not help commenting upon it — was that Hague could not be drawn into committing himself firmly on one single issue, beyond saying that "I'm against the single [European] currency on principle, and that means for the foreseeable future." And what of the future that is not

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foreseeable? Could this future cause Mr. Hague's principles to change? He declined to enlarge on the matter — as thoroughly befits a Tory Party leadership contender.

Some Tories, on the other hand, favour Europhile Kenneth Clarke. To those who claim that he has too many enemies in the party, they reply that he is liked and admired by many of the voters for being a regular and forthright 'bloke' whom they can identify as one of their own. In other words, if the party can overcome the little local difficulty of getting Clarke accepted by its own faithful he might be a good bet for the next election! The question of whether Prime Minister Clarke would be a good thing for Britain seems scarcely relevant. Tory minds, as ever, are on elections, vote-winning — the great big game of party politics.

The Thatcher myth and the long history of Tory betrayal

One popular fallacy which retains strong currency in today's Tory Party is that the party took a wrong turn when it deposed Margaret Thatcher. Amidst the jostling for the future leadership can be heard the claim of some contestants that they are really unreconstructed Thatcherites — seemingly a good ploy when the rule is for everyone to distance himself from Major, the one-time Thatcher usurper.

In truth, the changeover from Thatcher to Major represented only an alteration of style, not of substance. Tory policies — on Europe, on the economy, on law and order, on education, on foreign affairs, on social questions, on Northern Ireland and on much else — have retained a depressing continuity since 1979 in

all except the most minor details. And when things are examined in their true essence there has not really been so much change since the times of MacMillan and Heath. What we are really looking at is a rot in British Conservatism that goes far deeper and further back than many people in the party suppose, even today. It is a rot that might be said to have originated in the idea that, to compete in the electoral arena, the Tories must capture and cling to some fabled territory known as the 'centre ground' of British politics. Tory historian John Charmley exemplified this outlook perfectly in the opening words of his book *A History of Conservative Politics, 1900-1996*:

"The Conservative Party exists to conserve; it is the party of the *status quo*. Unfortunately for it and its adherents, all things change — 'the flower withereth and the grass fadeth'. In another world perhaps these things are restored and made new, but in this world the process of change poses a fundamental challenge to Conservatism as a political force. Many of those who vote Conservative do so because of a visceral distaste for the consequences of change, but for a Conservative Party some accommodation with this process is inevitable — if only to ensure political survival. There is, then, a tension between instinctive Conservatism and expediency. Because of this, all Conservative leaders have faced charges of opportunism and betrayal; historians generally judge them by their success in adapting to change. Since the Conservative Party has existed for more than 150 years, during which time Britain has changed beyond recognition, historians are agreed that the party has been a great success; visceral Conservatives are less easily convinced."

Charmley's analysis as shown here can broadly be regarded as the rationale behind all modern Tory doctrine and political tactics. It may seem to read very logically but it is riddled with fundamental flaws.

The first flaw lies in the facile acceptance of 'change' as if it were part of the natural order of things — hence the inane comparison with withering flowers and fading grass — whereas the kinds of changes which determine the political destinies of nations are almost always the work of human agencies and stand to be embraced or rejected on their merits. There is in fact nothing at all inevitable about 'change' in this context, save that the continual technological advances that are part of European culture are bound to affect the material conditions under which humans live; also that changing conditions in the wide world beyond the boundaries of any nation are bound to bring changes that nation's response as expressed in its foreign policies. These, however, are the only changes that might aptly be described as 'inevitable'.

Eternal laws

The 'visceral Conservative' of whom Charmley speaks condescendingly derives his faith from the belief that, notwithstanding these inevitable changes, there are certain laws governing the survival and welfare of human societies (for that matter, animal ones also) that are eternal, and that violation of those laws will lead eventually to social and national disintegration. Foremost among these are: (1) the inevitability of competition and struggle in human affairs, both at individual and group level, and the need therefore for the group to be infused with a collective will to survive in that competition and struggle; hence (2) the primacy of the *nation* and the necessity for patriotism; (3) the inherent inequality of human beings, individually and collectively; (4) the polarity of the sexes, rooted in their fundamentally different biological and social roles; and (5) the indispensability of a firm and strict moral code designed to maintain social order and serve the forward evolution of the race.

Eternal verities

Vast changes in the possibilities offered for life on the material plane, and in the world environment in which a nation has to live, do not invalidate these eternal verities. Hence the philosophy of Conservatism. This is not to endorse or reject that philosophy, only to say what it is and what it is not.

But the process of change with which Charmley says the Conservative Party must make some accommodation — an accommodation described by him as 'inevitable' — has extended far beyond these bounds. It is a process of change wrought by human minds and hands, which might briefly and simply be described as a revolution in values and in human institutions, best encapsulated in the word *liberalism* — a creed founded on the idea of the reversal of the natural order and the



Delegates at the last Tory conference applaud John Major's hollow talk of standing up for the national interest. And they wonder why huge numbers of the decent British patriots who once manned its once-superb electoral machine now stay at home on polling day!

repudiation of all those laws by which nations have prospered and become strong.

Confronted with the threat of such undesirable, because retrograde, change, a political party or movement with a valid claim to leadership of the people would devote all its resources and all its sinew to opposing that change. What seems to have earned the admiration of Mr. Charmley and so many like him is that the Tory Party, far from knuckling down to this responsibility, has taken to itself the slogan: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em!"

Political survival

When Mr. Charmley says that "some accommodation with this process [of change] is inevitable — if only to ensure political survival," he seems to assume that political survival is, at least for the Conservative Party, an end in itself rather than just a means to an end. Surely this idea must be repudiated! We should enter into politics, and engage in the combat that is inevitable in political life, for a purpose that is higher than the mere winning and keeping of office. We should engage in political activity to serve the good of our nation and people. Of course, 'political survival' is necessary to that purpose, and just to that extent we have to do the things that have to be done to ensure political survival.

But there comes a point at which the price of our own political survival is greater in terms of national loss than anything that could be contemplated as an alternative to that survival: we are asked to do things and accept things so nationally damaging that political survival loses all purpose beyond the mere retention of office. That is the time not to compromise but to fight. It is the epitaph of modern Conservatism that, in the face of every challenge to its integrity and its sense of duty, it has compromised rather than fought.

This matter could be put in another way by reference to Francis Parker Yockey, who described politics as "activity in relation to power." This could be seen as a restatement of the political view of Oswald Spengler, of whom Yockey was perhaps the most important disciple. To Spengler and to Yockey, 'politics' unrelated to the exercise of real power (which in the context of Conservatism must surely mean *national power*) is not politics at all; it is mere playing at politics. This being so, there can be no such thing as 'political survival' in a situation in which the whole purpose of one's political activity, namely the retention of power to act as the guardian of national sovereignty and the national interest, has been lost.

It has been the shame of British Conservatism that it has departed from this very

elementary truth concerning its duties and its traditions, and that it has opted instead for the mere *phantom* of 'political survival', which amounts to no more than the enjoyment by individuals and by a political party of the trappings of office but without the power to do what alone gives dignity and meaning to that office. On May 1st of this year this policy met its long-overdue nemesis.

The future

I beg the indulgence of readers in quoting — not for the first time — something I wrote in this journal in January 1992. In an article about the Tories, I said:-

"... The enemy — indeed the *main* enemy — of our race, our nationhood and our heritage is, and long has been, the *Conservative Party* — not Labour, not the Liberal Democrats. It is the Tories who again and again have acted as a barrier to the formation of an effective combination of patriotic forces in Britain which might, by obtaining political power, reverse the tide of national betrayal, retreat, surrender, humiliation and decline. Deal with this enemy by putting it out of action and neutralising its influence on British politics — and the enemies in the form of the other parties could in due course be swept aside without too much difficulty.

"It is the fact that the people hardest to convince of this truth are the very people who constitute the most patriotic section of the electorate — it is this fact that underlines how much the war against the traitors in power is primarily a war against the Tory Party. The Tory Party has to be destroyed politically in order that there might be a regrouping of patriotic forces within the country of the kind necessary to avert national collapse and bring national resurgence. The destruction of Toryism may indeed be deemed far more essential to nationalists and patriots than it is to the left. It is not an easy point to get over to Tory voters, but it is nonetheless a reality."

The greatest benefit to come out of last month's general election — as great at least as the securing of broadcasting time by the BNP — is that it increased enormously the prospects of just such a Tory demise. In this there are, for us, quiteunprecedented possibilities for advancement.

Occasionally our bitterest opponents on the left, in the midst of their ravings, get it right. In a bulletin about the election put out very recently by a group calling itself the 'Islington Anti-Racist Anti-Fascist Action' there was this comment:-

"The enormous Labour victory presents a series of dangerous opportunities for fascists (sic). There is a vast army of

disenchanted right-wingers, previously loyal to the Tories, gutted by the result and looking for an alternative..."

And a little further on:-

"... amongst the poor and amongst the middle classes, the Labour victory will have fired up great expectations which will be dashed as Blair fails to deliver. This could be a hunting ground for the fascists (sic)."

With allowance for the fact that the term 'fascist' is the left's habitual label for anyone it doesn't like, this analysis is an intriguingly accurate one which could have come straight out of our own columns.

For the next few months, our task is to recruit and mobilise people from out of the said "vast army of disenchanted right-wingers" — a good number of whom have already written to us enquiring about the BNP. By this process we can greatly enlarge and strengthen our party organisation in preparation for political battles a little further ahead.

And Blair will indeed "fail to deliver." Just a cursory look at his new Government should be enough to convince us that before too long it will find itself in a state of disarray and public contempt at least equal to that of the Government of John Major which the nation has just booted out.

Government by soundbite

This new Government, behind all the hype and gloat of electoral victory, has no policies in the slightest way relevant to Britain's real problems. It is drawn largely from the *Guardian*-reading classes, with a few token recruits from the ranks of grudge and envy. It has come to power by way of slick soundbite geared to a climate of national despair in which it could hardly lose. Its programme — such as it has one at all — is nothing more than a cobbling together of all the politically correct clichés popular at Islington dinner tables over the past two decades.

Give it a year, perhaps a year and a half, and its impotence to deal with unemployment, anarchy on the streets, ignorance in the schools and the imperious dictates of the EU bureaucracy will be revealed to all.

A start has already been made to the process of exposure, with a party which traded on its opponents' record of sleaze now having to cope with allegations of bribery and corruption in the fighting of an election in Glasgow, involving gentlemen with such distinguished Scottish names as Mohammed Sarwar, Badar Islam and Jamil Abbassi — all contesting the one constituency!

So it may not be long before the big backlash comes. We live, indeed, in interesting and challenging times!

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SHATTERING NEWS — WE DON'T LIVE IN A DEMOCRACY!

A mainstream newspaper allows the veil to be lifted and reality exposed. JAMES THURGOOD comments

IT has been commented on before in these columns and it is worth observing again: glimmerings of reality are starting to filter through the formerly rigid wall of liberal illusions protecting the British press from the world outside. One of the latest examples of this was an article by Peter Jones in the *Sunday Telegraph* of April 13th headed 'The election's big secret: this is not a democracy'.

The writer began with a statement of the obvious: that the British public was totally 'turned off' by the contest between two Tory Parties, distinguished only by different names, which came to its climax two and a half weeks later. "We have," he said, "become a deeply apolitical nation." To illustrate this, he mentioned the occasion the Monday before when millions of TV viewers had switched over from Tony Blair's BBC1 *Panorama* interview to watch BBC2's *Antiques Show*. He also spoke of his own experience on a commuter train when he saw people settling down to read *The Guardian* by extracting the 'Election' section and throwing it away.

How had we come to this? Mr. Jones, asked. He spoke of the similarities between the two leading parties and the thought that, as more and more decisions are being made by the European Commission, who governs Britain is becoming increasingly irrelevant anyway. But, he continued, there is in fact a much deeper and more persistent reason for the public's feeling that politics is not worth the time of day. Put briefly, he said:-

"... it is that life in a country that calls itself a democracy fosters in us certain unshakable expectations, of which perhaps the most ingrained is that we are not ciphers: the people have a voice, and in a democracy that voice must be heard."

The idea of democracy, he reminded us, began in Athens 2,500 years ago. When democracy was invented then, he continued, the word meant what it said. The people did actually have power. But the system lasted only 180 years — the Macedonian general Antipater ended it in 322 BC — and it has never been resurrected.

In fact, even this was not strictly true. "The people," to use Mr. Jones' term, consisted only of citizens, and these citizens did not comprise the sum total of two-legged mammals happening to reside in Athens at the time; they were solely Greeks who had earned the right to

citizenship by way of family background, property and education and were thus considered capable of informed and intelligent judgement of public affairs. But let Mr. Jones continue:-

"Our system bears no relation to original Athenian democracy. We make no decisions. Political power is closely guarded. Rarely are MPs or civil servants held accountable. Even our votes are not heard. We are told, however, that we do have democracy in Britain — not, admittedly, of the radical 'direct' Athenian sort (unworkable, we are assured on no evidence at all, in 20th century Britain), but more 'representative' in style, a 'parliamentary democracy', under which MPs 'represent' us in Parliament.

"Do they now? Let us try a few questions. Who decides who shall stand as a candidate at an election — the people or the parties? The parties. Who decides what policies the candidates will pursue — the people or the parties? The parties. Who decides how an MP votes in Parliament — the people or the parties? The parties.

"In other words, 'parliamentary' or 'representative' democracy does not represent the people — it represents the parties. And if we reply that at least we elect our MPs, that does not mean our system is 'democratic'. Elections are a necessary, but not a sufficient, condition of democracy. Stalin was elected year after year by huge majorities. The simple fact is that we do not live under a democracy. We live under an oligarchy — the rule of the few. Since we elect these 650 oligarchs every five years, we live, to be strict, under an elective oligarchy.'

Precisely so. Writers have been saying this in these columns for the past thirty years or more: it is comforting to see that, at last, one or two mainstream journalists are catching on. But back to Mr. Jones, who, having caught a glimpse of the real world of politics which demonstrates our long-held contention that what passes for 'democracy' in Britain is just a fraud, is obviously worried by what he finds. He said:-

"This is a deeply disturbing conclusion. The idea of democracy is so indissolubly bound up with Western ideas of justice that it somehow seems almost treasonable to name it for what it is. But it is important to point out that there is nothing wrong with oligarchy. How could there be? It is, and has been, our system, for centuries."

What the writer seems to be saying here is

that it is as fruitless lamenting the existence of oligarchy as it is to lament rain, cold and floods. We would simply be lamenting unalterable facts of life. Political debate, to lead somewhere, should be concerned with the questions of what *type* of oligarchy rules us, what people comprise it and to what purposes they use their power.

"... the best men ..."

Mr. Jones at this point quotes the Greek historian Herodotus, whose definition of oligarchy was that it involved...

"... choosing the best men in the country and giving them power... it is only natural to suppose that the best men will produce the best policy."

To which Mr. Jones is ready with the reply:-

"Is this not precisely what we attempt to do at elections? The history of the West is the story of the triumph of oligarchy, not democracy."

It is indeed what we attempt to do at elections, but the problem is that we consistently fail. And the failure, though it can sometimes be rooted in the voters' lack of judgement, is these days most often the result of those voters' options being limited to a choice of very third-rate candidates put up by the political parties which, in essence, control the whole show. The parties, together with the mass media (which are at least equally oligarchic, if not more so), set the electoral agenda. In other words, they, and not the voters, decide what issues the elections will be fought over and what not — yet another example, to add to those listed by Mr. Jones, of the parties prevailing over the people. They then decide what candidates will stand with party blessing, and these have to be candidates who can be relied upon to toe the party line in all essentials.

This process ensures that the electorate's choice will be limited to a selection of mere hacks — time-servers and careerists so lacking in integrity and character that they are willing to prostitute themselves to the party caucuses and otherwise do virtually anything to obtain and keep their parliamentary seats. It also greatly helps if they are stupid, for that means that they are unlikely to question the party orthodoxy to which they are expected to conform even in the unlikely event of their

suddenly having the courage to do so.

That is hardly the scenario in which we are likely to see the elevation to power of "the best men in the country." So the oligarchy under which we live does not even have the merit of producing the kind of leadership that led Herodotus to praise it. We are going to get neither the best men nor the best policies — even supposing, as it would be hazardous to do, that one will necessarily be followed by the other.

But oligarchy in Britain, masquerading as it does under the name of 'democracy', has other negative effects. Speaking of the reality that our system of government is oligarchic rather than democratic, Jones goes on:-

"It is our refusal to acknowledge this that makes us so disillusioned with the system we have. Imagining they live in a democracy, people get over-inflated ideas of their own importance and immediately start to feel they should have a say in running the country. When they find their voices count for nothing — that they are impotent, not important — they get angry and disenchanted and start throwing away their 'Election' supplements."

Abandoning pretence

So what is the remedy for this dismal state of affairs? That suggested by Mr. Jones might offend the doctrinaire liberal but, I suspect, would be greeted by those who really wield the power with barely concealed grins. He said:-

"It is time we abandoned the pretence that we live in a democracy and admitted that we live in an elective oligarchy; we should elect as our oligarchs those, as Herodotus says, who are best able to produce the best policy, and let them get on with it. This would also save us the risible sight of the

parties every five years suddenly pretending they have a passionate concern for what we think. 'Trust' and 'consultation' are irrelevant. What we want is competence."

If only it were so easy and simple! The trouble is that today we are not going to get either the best policy or competence. In a political system and power structure that were organically sound, such things might be a reasonable assumption. But in one that is corrupted beyond repair they are mere pie in the sky. The one thing that our power-wielders hope and pray for is that people on Mr. Jones' commuter train will continue to throw away the election supplements in their newspapers and switch over their TV sets from political interviews and debates to programmes about antiques. It will mean that politics have bored the people to sleep, and the political class can get on with its own game of treason and corruption without hindrance!

Perhaps the first part of what Mr. Jones suggests is sound: that we abandon the pretence that we live in a democracy and admit that we live in an elected oligarchy. That at least would be the first step towards maturity in political matters. It would sweep away the fairy tales and illusions that are a part of the 'liberal' picture of the world, and it would be our first grounding in *realpolitik*. From that point onwards, we might start to understand the workings of political life in Britain and just about everywhere else, and train our minds on the next truth, which is that politics are, as Bismarck said, "the art of the possible." Note the word *possible* — not 'moral', not 'good', not 'virtuous', not any of the other buzz-words that send liberals into ecstasies — but *possible*. This is not to suggest that none of these other words, nor the ideals they represent, should have any place in our political thoughts; it is only to assert that the *possible* defines how far

we can achieve them.

But Mr. Jones' assertion takes us further. It concentrates our minds on the truth that no particular *method* of government is of its nature self-justifying. In this new perspective there is only good government and bad government, government which operates to the good of the nation and government that does not. We must get rid of the idea that the world is divided neatly into virtuous governmental systems (democracies) and unvirtuous ones (non-democracies) and that atrocious inefficiency, corruption and weak leadership on the part of the former is preferable to efficiency, honesty and sound leadership on the part of the latter. It is not a question of this always being the case; it can sometimes be the opposite. It is a question of our merely redefining the basic *goal* of politics, which always was, and always will be, that people will be ruled well.

Democracy non-existent

Mr. Jones, in pointing out that Britain is an oligarchy and not a democracy, might have gone even further: he might have said that there is no such thing as 'democracy' today in the sense in which the term is popularly understood — not at least at the level of politics in advanced countries beyond a certain size. Real democracy is perhaps possible in very small communities where would-be leaders are known to everyone through acquaintance over a period of time both with their abilities and their characters, where everyone has the facility to make his views heard and where everyone can reasonably be expected to know something about the issues over which decisions have to be made. In a village angling society these conditions might well prevail. In a larger but nevertheless closely

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Stalin, Blair, Hitler: Three systems, three oligarchs. Nations are always directed by élites, the only real question is whose? "We do not think anyone would want to challenge the will of the British people," says Labour. Such a pseudo-democratic soundbite could come just as easily from any other oligarchy in history — Left, Centre or Right

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restricted society such as the citizenry of Athens 2½ millennia ago something nearly approaching them could perhaps be achieved. But in a modern state of nearly 60 millions they are obviously impossible. The issues requiring decision are far too great in number and much too complex for them to be understood by any but a small minority. And such understanding as is possible only occurs by way of those issues being presented and explained by the mass media, which by their nature can never be democratic but only oligarchic. The abilities and characters of claimants for office cannot remotely be known except to the small cliques of those who know and work with them, so that the public's perception of them can be formed only — again — by way of mass media instruction. We know the result. The king-makers of the media can in a week destroy one officer-seeker while they can in much the same time build up another into heroic proportions by use of all the subtle and sophisticated techniques of image-manipulation: TV cameras can record a man getting out of a car and shaking hands with a crowd of people assembled from his party faithful but whom the viewing public presume to be ordinary voters just like themselves. He can be shown visiting a biscuit factory and becoming engaged in studied conversation with its foreman — from which the viewer/voter is expected to — and in many cases does — judge that he takes a passionate interest in the people's tea-break diet. In the next scene he visits a building site wearing a hard hat, showing not only that he is greatly concerned about how to construct more houses for his beloved people but also that he is "one of the workers."

Of course, not all of us can arrange to have the said TV cameras present to record every such piece of play-acting as we may care to engage in to boost our image — least of all to have the product beamed into millions of voters' homes the same evening. We cannot expect these things because we do not belong to that exclusive club favoured by the media oligarchy as 'acceptable' candidates for political power. Just how shaking hands with party buddies, talking to foremen of biscuit factories and dressing up to look like builders demonstrates a man's competence to govern is never explained; but it doesn't have to be. The image is the thing. That is how 'democracy' (i.e. disguised oligarchy) works.

Which oligarchs?

After affirming the supremacy of oligarchy over 'democracy', our *Sunday Telegraph* writer asks the rhetorical question: which oligarchs? He then looks back again to Ancient Greece:

"In his dialogue *Gorgias*, Plato supplied us with a possible guiding principle. Let us suppose, he says, that a doctor who knew what was good for children and so

sometimes gave them nasty medicine, and a doctor who treated children simply by giving them sweets, were to be tried alongside each other — by a jury of children. It is clear who would win, and what the disastrous long-term consequences for the children would be. In other words, a possible criterion of oligarchic excellence is the refusal to listen to the masses. Like the sweet-loving children in Plato's example, the masses do not know what is good for them. Oligarchs do, if they are, in fact, "the best people" producing "the best policy."

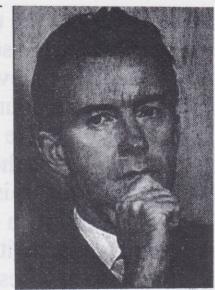
Well, in Plato's time they may indeed have been. But things have moved on since then. Modern techniques of propaganda enable the doctors to provide the children with nasty medicine which can in fact be made to *taste* like sweets. For instance, the multi-racial experiment can be presented very attractively by TV scenes of white, black and brown folk linking arms in mutual friendship and affection — thus portraying an image much more agreeable than rioting mobs and overturned police cars being set alight with petrol bombs. Which image corresponds to reality? The answer is that when oligarchy controls the means of communication it can virtually determine what is 'reality'!

What can be done?

So Britain is not a 'democracy' after all. It is in fact a dictatorship merely masquerading as one — though 'oligarchy' is the word that Mr. Jones prefers. Does this mean, as he seems to suggest, that the people can do nothing about it, that they are indeed 'impotent'?

For much of the lifespan of an oligarchy (dictatorship) this is indeed the case. Elections are just a sham; they decide nothing. They serve only to maintain the illusion that the people make the decisions and hold the power.

Peter Mandelson:
Spin-doctor-in-chief for the oligarchy of the liberal internationalist consensus



But there are certain junctures of history when the inner rottenness of an oligarchy (dictatorship) renders it extremely vulnerable to overthrow, and an opportunity exists for new forces to emerge and supplant it. If it were otherwise, every oligarchy that ever existed would have survived, its power unbroken. This, needless to say, has not happened.

The late 20th and early 21st centuries provide just such an historical juncture — if we use the moment intelligently and with determination.

For us to do this requires, first of all, that we proceed without illusions, without the ideological surplus baggage that always hinders those who assume conditions of 'democracy' to exist while their adversaries know otherwise, operate in accordance with that knowledge and, consequently, always win.

It means that we must play by the rules of the game as they are, not as some of us might like them to be.

It means above all that we must understand *power*, that we must dismiss from our minds and from our agenda for action everything that is not relevant to the crucial question of obtaining *power*. It means that we must appreciate the value of slogans, appeals, doctrines and all the rest of the verbal and intellectual paraphernalia of politics essentially in relation to *power*.

Nasty medicine? Yes, but essential to restored health!

A LADY MP

SHE wants a new England, more bright and more clean,
Where foul tap-room revelries never are seen.
And after the quarter-staff flies the quart-pot,
For she wants a new England where these things are not,
And our love of old England is vain in her sight,
As the noise of blind drunkards that strive in the night,
As if our old England like fable could fade,
And a Puritan purge through the ages had made
A Shaker of Shakespeare, a grave man of Gay,
And a Pussyfoot Johnson with Boswell to play.
For she wants a new England, where censors and prigs
Can browbeat our jokes and can bridle our jigs.
The title is apt, and the tale is soon told,
She wants a New England, three hundred years old.

From G. K. CHESTERTON'S *New Poems*, published in 1932, but more apt than ever today, when the likes of Barbara Follett complain about the shortage of ladies' toilets in the House of Commons while building 'New Britain' — complete with politically correct censorship, tougher Race Laws, child curfews, tobacco advertising bans, hunting bans, target pistol bans, shotgun bans, and earnest condemnation of the deadly danger to the health and morality of the nation posed by alcoholic lemonade.

Exploding a buzzword

American racial separatist DAVID LANE rejects the vocabulary of anti-white propagandists

POLITICALLY aware nationalists know that the controlled media and Zionist organisations like the Anti-Defamation League use buzzwords to attack, vilify and to try to silence opposition. Words like 'anti-semitic', 'racist', 'neo-Nazi', 'extremist' and 'terrorist' are typical. Some buzzwords, like 'anti-semitic', are oxymorons, since today's Arabs are closer to the classical definition of 'Semite' than those who bandy the term about so maliciously.

The liberals deserve most of all to be taken to task for their use of the word 'racist'. Certainly, we should condemn placing a stigma on national, racial or religious groups for past actions, either real or alleged, by some of their members. We cannot blame all Roman Catholics for the Inquisition, or all Arabs for the Moorish invasions of Southern Europe, or all Orientals for Genghis Khan's brutalities in Eastern Europe, or all Jews for Zionist atrocities against the Palestinians.

But neither can we permit use of contrived buzzwords to silence our opposition to genocide, or to dissuade us from obedience to nature's highest law. The suffix '-ist' does not demonise a word. A Baptist is one who loves and advances his form of Christianity. A racist is one who loves and preserves his race. Being a Baptist does not mean one must hate Lutherans, and being a racist does not mean hating other races.

Fundamental to true religion is recognition of a creative force and intelligence we call 'God'. The natural world and nature's laws being the work of God, we see that in nature we discern the divine plan.

Self-evidently, from any objective

study of nature, the highest law is preservation of one's own race and species. Wolves, coyotes and foxes, which are capable of interbreeding, don't, because in their natural state nature's God gave them an instinct to breed true and preserve whatever the Creator formed.

The three major races of man, called by modern science Caucasoid, Mongoloid and Negroid, are analogous to the aforementioned canine divisions. They have a natural instinct to love and preserve their own kind. Thus we have so-called 'White Flight' for racial preservation in obedience to the Creator's laws. We, also, have forced bussing and other schemes for genocide by mixing. These are a perversion of the Creator's laws and destructive of the Creator's work.

Naturally, when a people are forced into genocide, there is conflict. But the intelligent man looks for causes, not symptoms. Hatred of all Jews because a few Zionists have sentenced the White race to death is absurd. Hatred of negroes for protecting their territorial imperative or for not fitting into white

society is absurd. The same is true of other immigrant groups.

Nature's laws give an instinct to each race and species to establish and protect territory of its own. There is no conflict or hatred when the borders of these territories are secure and the inhabitants are assured of racial survival by their homogeneity.

Today, a mere 2 per cent of the earth's population is young, white female of child-bearing age or younger. The controlled media talk of 'ethnic minorities', but the real minority is us!

Media, churches and governments urge the last white females to mix with coloured males. Around the world, we are denied white nations, white schools, white neighbourhoods, white organisations, white social gatherings — everything necessary for racial survival. And those Whites who resist this deliberate and malicious genocide are labelled 'racist'. For this the opposition seeks to destroy us — economically, socially and politically. If we continue to resist we are imprisoned and, in America, may even be assassinated. Meanwhile, non-Whites who resist genocide are praised, glorified and hailed as heroes of their people.

I am known worldwide in the once white countries for having coined the slogan called the '14 Words':-

"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for white children."

For that I am called a 'racist' and a 'hater'. I ask you, is resistance to genocide 'hate'? Is the word 'racist' an appropriate word to vilify and defame?



"We must secure the existence of our people and a future for White children."



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DEMOCRACY AND BRITISH FREEDOM

NICK GRIFFIN says that Blair & Co. are the *real* totalitarians

JAMES Thurgood's incisive analysis of an important article by the *Sunday Telegraph*'s Peter Jones deals a heavy blow to the cynically manipulated fiction that Britain today is a democracy. As such there is nothing in Mr. Thurgood's article on pages 10-12 with which any realistic and experienced nationalist can take exception. The existing system, clearly, is not to be condemned so much for what it is or what it isn't, but for the much simpler reason that it doesn't work. It has reduced Britain from world power to an indebted province of someone else's federation in just one lifetime. And, worldwide, the same system has reduced the white man from a Colossus who bestrode the globe to an endangered species.

Nor has the Peter Jones piece been the only article in the quality press over the last couple of years to be similarly 'almost treasonable'. Perhaps the trend began with John Berger's essay in the *Observer* back on 17th December, 1995. The headline and sub-heading summed it all up: "The hollow men who rule us are just decoys. Market forces hold the real power, breeding despair and violence."

Enlarging on his theme, Berger wrote of politicians in effect:-

.... chatting on the front doorstep while the hi-fi, the camera, the old man's savings and the wife's jewels are beginning a one-way trip through the back window!

"Their role, there on the doorstep, is to talk about *something else* while *elsewhere* the job is being carried out. Their profession is to create not a political debate but a diversion. Their speaking heads have become decoys."

The reason, he maintains, is the globalisation which has followed the collapse of the Soviet Union. With no present rival for hegemony, the 'money power' (to use the description borrowed from A.K. Chesterton by Jeremy Seabrook in his own bleak *Observer* essay a few months later) is able to "impose across the world the necessary conditions for the optimum development of the market economy." Berger continues:-

"As this global plan advances, it increasingly demands a global depoliticisation. Otherwise the protests of the suffering majority may become too insistent. Our decoy politicians are the agents of such depoliticisation. Not necessarily by

choice, but by compliance. They accept the global market's projection concerning the future as if it were a natural law, instead of examining it for what it is — a powerful and cynical operation."

This steadily growing body of mainstream commentators who are adopting our analysis, even our terms, is an inevitable development. What is, however, less certain is how much good this shift in mainstream opinion in our direction will do the forces of organised nationalism. For, to a very large extent, this depends on how we read the situation and how we respond. Do we look at their growing fears and sneer "told you so!", or can we find ways in which to adapt (*not ditch*) our principles so as to provide practical and acceptable answers to the problems of which they are becoming aware. In short, while welcoming their belated understanding of the pitfalls of 'democracy' and free trade, what should we propose to put in their place?

As far as free trade is concerned, there's no problem. Protection may still not be fashionable, but it isn't heretical either. 'Democracy', on the other hand, is a concept regarded with superstitious awe, so much so that British politics may soon be constrained still further by an EC law making it illegal to advocate any other political system.

Ancient freedoms

Additionally, although the mania for 'democracy' is largely a media fiction, it does have genuine roots in a much older belief — a deep-seated part of the national *mythos* — that "the liberties of freeborn Englishmen" include various things, including the right to free speech, the right to trial by jury, and the right to elect his rulers. This *mythos* stretches back many centuries, through several civil wars and Magna Carta, to the Anglo-Saxon institutions of the Witan and the Moot, and to the wild individuality of the ancient Celts.

Even Anthony Ludovici, the British apostle of aristocracy (interestingly, himself of continental and — in spite of his surname — predominantly German, stock) acknowledged that the Anglo-Celt is, compared with his European cousins, an inveterate individualist. The first lesson of *realpolitik* must surely be that such a people will not warm to anybody whom they suspect aims to fasten a yoke of obedience around their stiff necks. The fact that this is what their present masters are doing

should give us a big stick with which to beat the plutocratic oligarchy, not the cue to offer a different yoke.

While the 1930s nationalist opposition to liberalism was avowedly 'anti-democratic', the new alternatives were in fact all more concerned with representing the wishes of the people than were the old politicians, who paid lip-service to such egalitarian theories while feathering their own nests and displaying complete contempt for the ordinary people and callous disregard for their sufferings.

The important thing, however, is that time and circumstances have moved on since then. Some of the criticisms levelled against the parliamentary party system then are still justified, but in other ways the problems such a form of government throws up have, at least from the point of view of the electorate, changed. And if the problems, or the perceived problems, have changed, then so must our response.

Back in the 1930s, the thing which the electorates of several countries decided that nationalists could solve was the way in which bumbling, grey little men could do nothing to solve the problems of the day, particularly unemployment and poverty which left millions at near-starvation level. One issue which did not, however, arise, was the idea that the grey little men were remote. For they were still in contact with the public, at least at election time, when even small towns would see large and boisterous election meetings. It was not uncommon for the Prime Minister of the day to travel the country in a car driven by his wife, with one solitary police guard.

Distance and disillusionment

Sixty years on, the remoteness of the political class from the rest of the population is a major cause of disillusionment with the system. Illustrated by the urban legend of the New Labour candidate mistaking chip shop mushy peas for guacamole, the gap between the governors and the misgoverned is as wide in Britain as in any absolute monarchy of the past.

Another thing which has changed is that in the earlier part of the twentieth century the public did at least have some real choice between the main parties — free trade or protection, Ulster or a United Ireland, Empire or anti-colonialism, private capitalism or Clause 4 nationalisation.

Now, again by contrast, there is no choice. 'Consensus politics' are openly admitted by serious commentators in mainstream newspapers to be little short of a conspiracy to deny the public a choice on the truly great issues of the day — the relentless move to a federal Europe, abolition of capital punishment, the imposition of politically correctness in the media, schools and every institution in the land, Britain's ruinous exposure to the forces of globalisation, and, above all, immigration.

Not one of these disasters was asked for by the British people. Not one of these disasters would ever have gained the support of the British people in a free vote on the real issue in question. If democracy is a system under which the common man rules, then all the great problems which threaten the very existence of our race and nation are the consequence, not of democracy, but of its absence. Even the suicidal involvement of the British and American peoples in two World Wars was the result of plutocratic manipulation rather than the will of the ordinary man on the street. As Messrs. Jones and Thurgood point out, Britain is not a democracy. It could be termed an elective oligarchy, an elective dictatorship, a plutocracy, a media-ocracy, but it most certainly is not a democracy.

Philosophy or power?

Political philosophers may argue that such a perversion is the inevitable logical end of this system. But we are not here to philosophise about politics, any more than we are to preserve in aspic the past attitudes of long-gone political movements which, in certain lights, may appear preferable to the rotten hypocrisy and utter smallness of the present Establishment. We are here to win the support of a large enough number of our fellow Britons to overcome that Establishment and to reverse all the evil which it has visited on our land and our folk.

The Establishment wants nothing more than to be able to present us to the public in a box of our own, neatly labelled 'Anti-democratic extremists — want to take away your rights.' The time has come for us to cease merely uttering denials, but to challenge the very terminology they use in their one-sided political character assassination. Yes, of course they will still lie about us, but we can make sure that everything they say is 100 per cent untrue. Opinion polls have in recent years shown that politicians are held in lower regard by the public than any other profession, except perhaps for estate agents. In other words, most ordinary people are not fooled by the talking heads of the Establishment. It is therefore not inevitable that everything said about us by our enemies will be automatically accepted as true. What we do, say, write and believe ourselves is, in the long run, the crucial factor which will decide whether the public believe what they hear about us.

Let's take another look at that word

'democracy'. I admit that, to anyone who knows even a fraction of the true story of the horrors perpetrated in the name of democracy during and after the last war, the word is besmirched by associations with unspeakable hypocrisy, images of women and children burning alive under sheets of phosphorous, and judicial murder. But most people do not know the true story, never will know the true story and, more importantly, after more than fifty years, have far more pressing things to worry about and to influence their political choices in the future.

As we have already seen, Britain would be far better off had we actually had a more democratic system. And it is clear that a fast growing majority of the British people already understand that we do not have one, and would much rather that we did have. It is no use trying to appeal to these disgruntled people by proposing as a cure for the present lack of democracy some sort of benign semi-dictatorship. Even if that was, in fact, the best solution, it would be worse than pointless to propose it (i) because, as already pointed out,



James II: Regarded as a dangerous tyrant because he wanted to impose a change of confession. The changes wrought by the post-war plutocracy have been far more drastic, dangerous and alien

it is very likely that Euro-law will shortly make it illegal to propose any form of government other than democracy (goodbye Plato, Jacques Santer knows best) and (ii) because turkeys don't vote for an early Christmas. Generations of propaganda about the value of the right to vote cannot possibly be eradicated, but the expectations which such a system builds up among electors — i.e. that their representatives will or at least should listen to them, that their opinions count and should be acted upon — can be turned against the present masters of the 'democratic' state. It's time to give up forever any thought of stopping this juggernaut in its tracks and to look for ways to use the weight of

its myths and expectations against it by side-stepping and using verbal judo techniques.

The cloak of 'democracy' may well be tattered by socio-biological and historical reality, but if it helps to keep us warm, who cares? It would certainly rest far more comfortably on our shoulders than on those of the puppets of the plutocracy. We are the only people who say what countless millions think. We are the only people who will do what countless millions want done. On all the key issues, we really do represent the wishes of the people. As James Thurgood points out, we must appreciate the value of slogans, appeals and doctrines as aids to the pursuit of power. Since the masses have been flattered into believing that, if they do not have a say in the affairs of state, they should have, why should we make our pursuit of that power any harder by giving them grounds to think that we disagree with them?

Guarantee of freedom

And what of our opponents? The people who hold the multi-racial state in such exalted worship that there is no infamy to which they will not stoop to preserve it for a little longer from its own fatal contradictions? The people who deny us the right-to-reply and to broadcasting time that successive BNP Manifestos have guaranteed to spokesmen of every political persuasion? The people who organise frenzied mobs to attack our election candidates, try to close down our meetings, march on our premises with the stated intention of tearing them down brick-by-brick? The people who order their political police to tap our phones, steal our computers, imprison our leaders and use informers to sow dissension in our ranks? Are these tactics democratic? No. What are they? By any genuine understanding of the term it is they are totalitarians, worshippers of their own state who will employ force and intimidation to preserve that state. Totalitarians! Not us, but Blair, Ashdown, Major, Condon, the worthies of the *Guardian* Trust, Michael Grade *et al.*

So rather than merely denying their charges that we are totalitarians and the enemies of freedom, we should take every opportunity to use the labels against them. We cannot call them 'Nazis' because National Socialism is based on the worship of race, which — except for one particularly powerful minority within the governing minority — is clearly not something of which they can be accused. But their worship of the liberal multi-cultural state is plain for all to see, as is their increasing readiness to use repression to impose it on the British majority.

Mention of National Socialism brings us to another key point. In forming a response to the corruption, inefficiency and downright boredom of inter-war liberalism, the nationalist revolutionaries of the 1930s naturally shaped their appeal and their tactics in order to utilise

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the forms of new technology available to them. Thus, for example, the recent invention of the spotlight, loudspeaker system and radio made it almost inevitable that a movement which aimed to give voice to the deepest aspirations of a nation would make great use of huge rallies and the spoken word. Having found that they had no real voice through the old party system in parliament, millions found their voice in a mystic communion with the one voice of their leader. Rightly or wrongly, they felt that he understood them, that he embodied their will. This is what led Leon Degrelle to give the title *Hitler — Democrat* to one of his last works.

Nor was this just a matter of mysticism. The plebiscites used in pre-war Germany to establish the popular will were certainly influenced by masterful propaganda campaigns (though the propaganda machine built by Goebbels was rudimentary indeed compared with the all-embracing, 24-hour, wall-to-wall multi-racial internationalism imposed by the 'British' media for a generation now), but they were free votes. While they were not parliamentary, they were still essentially democratic.

The power of myth

But loudspeakers and radio speeches are old hat now. The public are rightly tired even of watching well-fed elderly men deciding their destinies at meetings covered briefly by the TV news. As the various media pundits already discussed have acknowledged, dissatisfaction with the remoteness of all this, and the sorry state to which it has reduced us, has created a vast mass of disaffected voters who could easily swing to a new force which offered a new system more in keeping with the national *mythos* of what good government should entail.

Fortunately, within the next five years, ten at the most, the continued march of information technology into every home will give, to any would-be revolutionary force which cares to grasp it, an unprecedented opportunity to remodel our entire system of government. Every telephone or every TV will be capable not only of relaying information about the issue at question, but of registering the opinion of its owner. It now seems to be generally accepted that it would be in order for Britain to hold another referendum over whether or not to hand more sovereignty to Brussels. Fair enough. How about a referendum on capital punishment then? On whether to allow imports from China to destroy our manufacturing base? On immigration?

Of course, steps would have to be taken to create a level playing field in such debates. Campaigners would have to be legally obliged to remain within strict spending limits. The media would have to be bound by strict rules of impartiality, the right-of-reply would have to be enshrined in law, and enforced without

fear or favour by independent regulatory bodies. In other words, the proposals for genuine freedom of speech made at the last election by the BNP, and the BNP alone, would have to become reality.

But wouldn't we be far more likely to get a chance to turn those proposals, and all our other policies, into reality, if we hammered out such a programme into a genuine and crystal clear commitment to freedom and democratic reform which would leave our liberal opponents exposed as the closet totalitarians they really are?

As James Thurgood rightly points out, the considerations of *realpolitik* must always be in our minds. Even though the misused word 'democratic' may stick in our throats, in a country whose population have a deeply ingrained belief in their right and ability to govern themselves, *realpolitiks* demand that we play the game by that rule. And, as already pointed out, we have more right to do so than anyone else. The British National Party must present itself at all times as the British freedom party.

A patient who has an infected leg is not likely to go to a doctor who promises to solve the problem by cutting it off! In our case, of course, the patient also happens to be the egomaniac Sultan of Zogland, who believes he has the right to perpetual good health and who has a long history of executing doctors whose advice or medicine he doesn't like. If we are to save him from his own folly, we will have to handle him very carefully. Even if the leg really does have to come off, we would be well advised to focus his attention on how natural-looking and efficient his leg will be



Margaret Thatcher: Like her disciple, Tony Blair, a puppet of powerful vested interests. To fight against this oligarchy is to fight for national freedom

after the operation, and gloss over the fact that it will be a bionic replacement.

None of this is at odds with our conviction of the need for responsibility and leadership, which underpins not only the BNP constitution but also our worldview. Of course the masses cannot possibly understand — let alone adjudicate on — every facet of our national life. But this need not stop us from seeking to create a system where the masses — informed by a British-owned media operating under the sort of guidelines already discussed — have a say in the great affairs of the day through referenda as well as elections, but leave the routine running of the affairs of state to trained, non-party political experts.

Tradition and human nature

Proposals on these lines would offer a real alternatives, based on British tradition and on human nature, for a genuine, popular, alternative to the present plutocracy. What could our opponents in the Old Parties offer instead?

To answer that, we need only draw attention to their record. In their increasingly desperate efforts to impose an unworkable and destructive politically correct dictatorship on us they have done away with our freedom of speech, our right to bear arms, our right to self-defence, with the right to silence granted by Magna Carta, and our right to associate with whomsoever we please.

Now they have in their sights our right to trial by jury, our right to own books of which they disapprove, and our right to bring our children up with the values we learned from our parents. We should shout it from the rooftops: *they are the tyrants, we are the ones who stand for national and individual freedom.*

To fight this creeping evil we do not need to look for models in other lands or in other times. Nationalists of all people should understand that, while certain principles are immutable for all time, systems of government are temporary things, differently suitable for different peoples in different instants of time. As our alternatives to elective dictatorship and creeping tyranny we should proudly propose direct democracy and freedom.

Have you joined the Welling Club?

The Welling Club is a special group which exists to help raise money for the British National Party. Membership is open to all persons, whether or not BNP members, willing to contribute £20 each month to the party's national funds.

Welling Club members are sent regular bulletins informing them of the progress in achieving various important BNP targets which is being made with the help of their donations. They are also entitled to attend, free of charge, an annual club dinner addressed by the BNP Chairman.

Those wishing to join the Welling Club should apply, sending their initial £20 contribution (made out to the 'British National Party'), to: PO Box 117, Welling, Kent, DA16 3DW



IS AUSTRALIA AWAKENING?

Australian poet and British traditionalist NIGEL JACKSON reports on Pauline Hanson's new One Nation Party and the intense hostility being shown to it

'HANSON FLEES' is the front-page headline of this morning's *Herald Sun*, Melbourne's largest circulation newspaper. The huge colour photograph beneath shows a protester, his frenzied face contorted with hate as he points at his opponents and screams at them. In the background, a companion holds a huge banner bearing the insult 'Oxley Moron' (Pauline Hanson, of course, is the independent federal member for Oxley in Queensland, whose maiden speech—which signalled the arrival of a new force in Australian politics — was reproduced in the December 1996 *Spearhead*).

The report continues:-

"Pauline Hanson was forced to flee Hobart's City Hall last night when a political rally turned into a wild brawl. In one of the most violent demonstrations in Tasmania for years, more than 500 protesters surged into the hall to disrupt a meeting of Mrs Hanson's One Nation Party.

"Earlier at the City Hall, screaming protesters battered the doors with sticks and banner poles... Demonstrators poured down the aisles, giving Nazi salutes and shouting abuse."

Pauline Hanson followed police advice not to try to address the rally of 1,000 supporters because of the presence of the opposition mob officially estimated to number 6,000.

Spearhead readers will at once recognise that this is simply yet another example of the intolerance of those who preach tolerance. It was the second time a meeting called to form a new branch of the One Nation Party was broken up by mob violence in a week. Five days earlier, Hanson followers in Geelong, Victoria's second biggest city, had received similar treatment. Yet the member for Oxley and her supporters in both cities have already announced that they will not be deterred by such behaviour and will press ahead with their campaign.

The extra violence of the second bout of hooliganism by anti-racist fanatics came after

a strong attack on Pauline Hanson by the Prime Minister, John Howard. Just two days before the meeting was broken up, he used his speech at the opening of the AustralAsia Centre of the Asia Society in Sydney to launch the verbal assault for which powerful anti-white elements and their media lackeys had been calling for months.

Howard's speech was reported in the *Herald Star* the following day. The Prime Minister claimed that his politically incorrect opponent had a "sour, bitter and narrow-minded view" of Australia.

"She is wrong when she suggests that Aborigines are not disadvantaged," he said. "She is wrong when she says that Australia is in danger of being swamped by Asians. She is wrong when she denigrates foreign investment, because its withdrawal would cost jobs. She is wrong when she claims that Australia is headed for civil war."

Disenchanted Australians

He went on to claim that Mrs. Hanson has tried to exploit fear and instability without offering solutions or hope. Ignoring the quite wide-ranging programme outlined in her maiden speech alone, he alleged that she has no answers to the problems of disenchanted Australians. "The Hanson cure would be worse than the disease."

This hysterical and provocative speech marked another shift in the Establishment campaign against Pauline Hanson. For four months last year, the major print media in Australia ran a malevolent and intense attack on her. Then, at the start of 1997, this was replaced by the 'silent treatment', a policy which has in turn given way to another media barrage of strident ferocity. In a remarkable display of political *chutzpah*, it has been projected with exactly the kind of coarse abrasiveness that its lackeys attribute to Mrs. Hanson.

One gambit is to present her in a series of cartoons as "the ugly female." Today's issue

of the national paper, *The Australian*, lampoons her as a diabolical-looking harridan screeching 'Asians Out!' Another sketch, by the same artist on another page, portrays her as a ginger-headed slut-battleaxe, punching up Mr. Howard on a wharf while the Junk of Asia sails away into the sunset. The message readers are supposed to receive is "look at all that trade and tourism we've lost." The *Herald Sun* cartoonist takes a similar approach, presenting her as a moronic looking 'Statue of Bigotry', whose ugliness has deterred Asian tourists who "didn't see the attraction."

The sheer ungallantry of this sort of visual onslaught may prove counter-productive, since large numbers of Anglo-Celtic Australians retain a deep instinct to defend the women of the tribe, particularly from boorish defilers.

Another part of the deluge is the publication of a mass of slanted material hostile to Pauline Hanson, with little or no space allowed to her or her defenders. So, on this Saturday morning alone, a Melbourne citizen studying the three major newspapers published for him encounters thirteen items (seven in *The Australian*, three in *The Age* and three in the *Herald Sun*) every one of which is inimical to her!

The intellectual calibre of this onslaught can best be gauged by attending to the pompous editorial in *The Australian* ('PM faces more work on race'). I shall present a series of extracts, with comments on each in turn in square brackets:

* "... the Hanson thesis of an Australia for only certain types of Australians" [an attempt to make her sound mean and petty; at the same time it is intended to frighten certain individuals and groups; but what it entirely neglects to admit is that the covert erosion of traditional Australia by a corrupt and suborned Establishment over the past fifty years has been aimed at creating an Australia which will not be for monarchists, patriots, racial conservationists or British loyalists—despite the fact that these people were in an

Cont. overleaf

Cont. from page 17

overwhelming majority when the social engineering began, and would never have allowed it had it been put before them honestly in a referendum].

* **.... Australia's reputation has suffered.** [It depends what reputation we are talking about. Asian nations like Japan have enforced ruthlessly ethnocentric policies and are hardly likely to rebuke us in their inner hearts for doing the same! At present we have a reputation for being a soft-headed, sentimental, easy-buy banana republic of white trash in the making.

That, of course, is not the reputation *The Australian* is worried about. Its editor is referring to the artificial 'world opinion' created by his financial masters and used to bludgeon weak-kneed peoples and politicians into submission to their will and economic exploitation. The truth is that the current Establishment is now genuinely frightened that the Anzac spirit is reasserting itself in Australia. This nation may even be led in the not-too-distant future by the quality of men who stood fast in Tobruk and brushed the Japanese out of the Owen Stanley Ranges in Papua-New Guinea. If that happens, we will indeed gain a different sort of reputation in the crescent of Asian countries crowding in to our north. We will be respected again; and, despite the special pleading of all sorts of prophets of doom, our security and our regional trade are both likely to improve markedly.]

* **.... violence has erupted as her opponents seek to drown out her views.** [It is notable that the pusillanimous editor does not condemn the violence of the 'anti-racist' aggressors, but seeks to blame their victim for their criminal acts! Just one coalition member, Stewart McArthur, federal member for Corangamite, had the decency to rebuke the mobsters. In a letter in the *Herald Sun* he wrote that: "Whether or not we agree or disagree with the views expressed by some, it is the democratic right of all Australians to assemble peacefully, to hold political meetings, to form parties and to challenge the prevailing orthodoxy if they wish."]

* **.... the nation has become polarised to an extent which fair-minded people would have hoped never to see.** [This moan ignores the fact that when a nation has been subverted by a corrupt Establishment for two or three generations, polarisation has to occur if reform is to be effected. The editor subtly begs the question that all fair-minded people are on his side and not that of nationalists like Hanson and Graeme Campbell, federal member for Kalgoorlie and leader of the Australia First Party.]

* **.... racist statements** [The term 'racist' is not defined, of course, and thus a just espousal of the cause of one's own race can be misconstrued as hostility to those of other races.]

* **.... stridency initially deride as naive and artless.... tapped a wellspring of anxiety across the nation.** [Another old

Establishment trick is to pretend that its campaigns are based on sweet reason, while those of its critics are irrationally motivated by fear. However, those who see their racial integrity being steadily eroded by dishonest politicians of both major parties have every reason to feel anxiety — and to realise that the sophistication which Pauline Hanson is alleged not to possess might better be called sophistry, if not outright deceit.]

* **.... agitators** [In reality, of course, the true agitators are not those who, like Pauline Hanson, seek to represent their constituents by thoughtful speeches in Parliament and in other peaceful ways, but the yahoos who break up lawful meetings such as those in Hobart and Geelong.]

* **He (the Prime Minister, Mr. Howard) has to keep on making the case for a society which does not believe in discrimination, believes in the benefits of migration, does not support racism and sees engagement with Asia as vital to our future.** [Why? Who says so? Who told the editor to tell the suckers — sorry, citizens — that? In the real world, discrimination, in the sense of making wise choices to protect one's own race, is a virtue, not a vice. And if our largely dry continent cannot support a much larger population without a drastic reduction in living standards, then opposition to immigration — notice how he uses an inaccurate, but less worrying term — makes excellent sense, especially if the newcomers are negro basketballers or Asian traders.

The problem of 12 to 15 per cent unemployment is something which must be solved, and why shouldn't a renewed engagement with Britain be vital to our future, since this nation was almost totally the creation of British people?]

Bleeding heart

The Australian also published a long 'bleeding heart' letter by coalition MP Dr. Brendan Nelson, federal member for Bradfield, who wrote:-

"When parliamentarians merely follow public opinion rather than lead it, when we feel that in some way we need to subscribe to the populist views expressed, for example, by the member for Oxley, then the nation is vulnerable."

This is reminiscent of former Labour Prime Minister Bob Hawke's public admission a few years ago that both major parties had had a secret bipartisan agreement to ignore majority public opinion on Asian immigration. We are entitled to ask Messrs. Hawke and Nelson: "Where then is the concept of representative democracy, which parliament is traditionally supposed to embody and which our schoolchildren are still taught that it does?"

A report in *The Age* by Innes Willox contained three interesting items. The first concerned the controversial lady's response to the Prime Minister's attack. "Ms. Hanson has hit back, saying that Mr. Howard had

called for a major slowing of Asian immigration and had questioned the role of multi-culturalism while he was the Opposition Leader in 1988." This is true, but he went on to buckle under media pressure, making the memorably pathetic comment: "I don't have a prejudiced bone in my body!"

The second item was a telling interposition by an interested ethnic minority. "The executive director of the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League, Mr. Danny Ben-Moshe, said Mr. Howard had to go further. 'He still needs to categorically state that Hanson is a racist and racism is an evil which is morally unacceptable,' he said."

Mr. Howard and the whole coalition team had already shown that they were under the thumb of this powerful Zionist lobby when they followed meekly in the steps of the Paul Keating regime by denying British historian David Irving an entry visa, even though they had made noises about protecting freedom of speech from politically correct censorship.

Scare-mongering

The third item raises questions about the propriety of diplomatic staff publicly commenting on such controversies. "Australia's ambassador to Indonesia, Mr. John McCarthy, also said yesterday that Ms. Hanson's view could damage Australia's commercial relationships in the region." Such a claim is purely speculative, almost certainly untrue and in any case irrelevant, but it is designed to frighten Australian businessmen and voters away from One Nation. Despite such scare-mongering, statistics which appeared earlier this year indicated that Asian tourism to Australia has not been significantly affected by all the publicity on this issue. Certainly the dictatorial and genocidal behaviour of the Indonesian government (to take merely one local example) has not reduced the Australian tourist influx on which the paradisal island of Bali now depends.

Again, in *The Australian*, international editor Paul Kelly, in an article entitled 'The Asian Imperative', sneered that: "Hanson represents a retreat to a poor, fearful little country devoid of sufficient confidence to face the world, a betrayal of our children's future and our heritage." What puerile claptrap from a man and a newspaper with long records of themselves lacking the confidence to give an effective right of reply to the patriots they defame, such as Eric Butler of the Australian League of Rights and many others!

A different tack was employed by the veteran enemy of racial nationalists, Phillip Adams, in his column in *The Australian*, 'This means war.' Adams imagined a future in which the forces represented by Hanson and Campbell triumph. This was just another way of trying to intimidate voters, summed up by this sentence: "Increasingly occupying the role left vacant by the old South Africa, its political life characterised by escalating demonstrations that meet increasingly vigorous police response,

Australia becomes a pariah nation." There might well be some truth in his claim, but knowing that a bloody nose may result is no reason for not fronting up to the school bully when the time demands it.

Finally, Michael Gordon, in yet another article in *The Australian*, 'Losing the Battlers', offered these prognostications:-

"The One Nation party commands 7 per cent support, but the figure is 11 per cent for those 50 and older, and 14 per cent for voters in Queensland, where the National Party has generated most angst over Howard's response to the High Court's Wik decision It is premature to conclude that those battlers who have parked with Hanson are there to stay. Indeed, such a prospect is remote."

Mr. Gordon is, of course, engaging in wishful thinking, and produces no grounds for his prediction. He might have added that opinion polls show that seven out of ten Australians agree that immigration is too high, and that a Herald-AGB poll found that 25 per cent of voters would consider backing One Nation.

The Wik decision purported to show that native title had not been extinguished by the pastoral leases which cover 43 per cent of the entire country. Following the earlier Mabo decision, it has led to a situation in which this land will be under legal claim by Aboriginals — many of whom are at most one-eighth Aboriginal by blood! Howard is treading an impossible tightrope between enraged Australians and the 'anti-racist' lobby. He appears to be weaselling in the wrong direction; and a failure to defend the interests of Australian farmers will play into the hands of One Nation and Australia First.

What does the future hold?

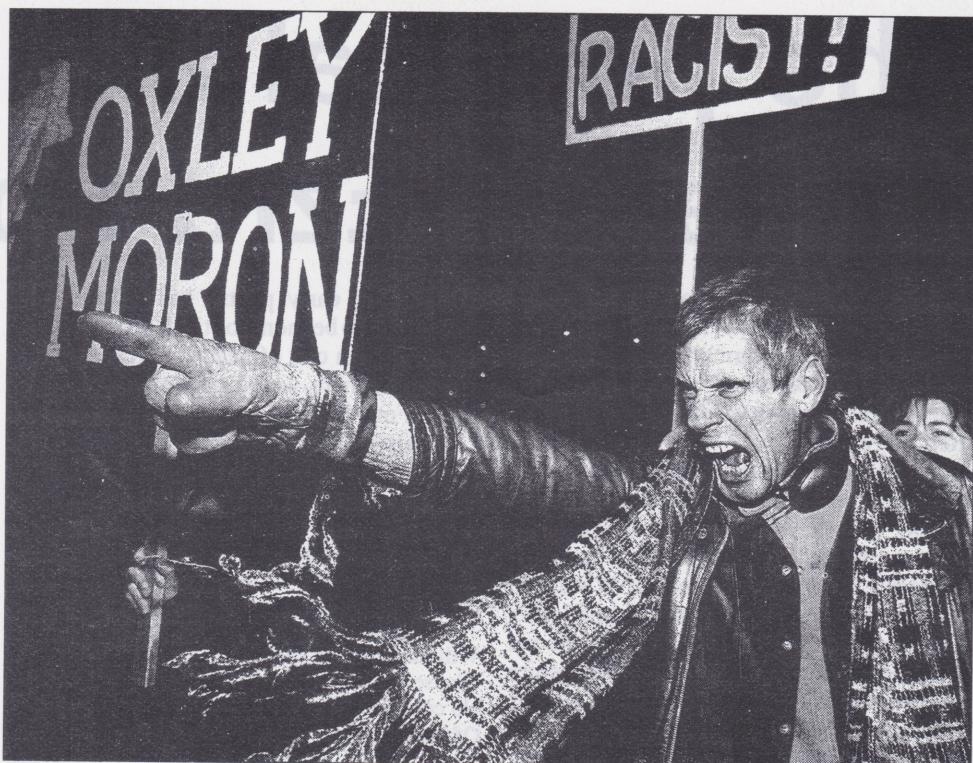
So what are the prospects for a rebirth of white, British-centred nationalism in Australia? There are immense difficulties, but it is also clear that an opportunity for the re-direction of the national destiny exists such as has not done for fifty years.

A letter published in *The Australian* on 7th May by Stephen Heyer of Rockhampton, Queensland, summed up the situation well:-

"I notice that various media commentators have ended their long period of denial and are suddenly discovering that the working and rural classes face real and dire problems. A few, such as Beatrice Faust ('Hatred is not the answer, *Focus*, 3rd/4th May) are even starting to suggest sensible remedies.

"Of course, the sole reason for this sudden concern is the rise of Pauline Hanson and other new parties. However, neither Beatrice Faust nor anyone else is addressing the real reason for the Establishment's failure to halt the new parties. This is, simply, that it has lost moral authority."

"The dominant ideology of the influential *elites* that make up the Establishment could probably best be described as American-liberal. Now, when this really was liberal, that is, fair and tolerant, it had a great deal of moral authority.



"Unfortunately, followers of this ideology have long since confused being fashionable with tolerance and truth, and too obviously favour some minorities while discriminating against others. Their immoderate transfer of society's wealth to themselves whenever they gain positions of power has also become rather obvious.

"The 'lower classes' may be inarticulate, but they are no fools and, besides, many of them have been on the receiving end of the *elite's* active dislike. It is not surprising that efforts to claim moral authority meet with extreme cynicism.

"In short, these periods when no one group or philosophy has clear moral authority make for interesting history. Enjoy."

Disunity the greatest danger

The obvious great danger to those endeavouring to redirect and save the nation is disunity. It is to be hoped that Pauline Hanson and Graeme Campbell can resolve their differences (whatever they may be) and merge their parties as soon as possible. Moreover, it will be necessary for such a New Party to ensure that it has the confidence of other important nationalist bodies, such as the Australian League of Rights, whatever remains of Australians Against further Immigration, and even the Catholic-based National Civic Council of veteran commentator and brilliant political analyst, Mr B. A. Santamaria.

Even that will not be enough. From somewhere a national leader of requisite capacity must be found. Graeme Campbell is a crafty and experienced politician, with the ability to be a cabinet minister, but he is too old and lacks the charisma needed for this task. Pauline Hanson, I suspect (for I have not heard her speak even on TV, let alone live), may only

be of outer ministerial competence. She has been rocketed to stardom by freaks of fate and by the controlled media. Would our enemies be giving her so much publicity if they were not confident that, in the long run, she will do her cause more harm than good?

As well as a national leader, a compelling *vision* for the nation must be discovered and publicised. This is an area in which nationalists around the world have often failed, proving themselves to be narrow-minded, provincial and shallow.

Among the problems that this vision must tackle authoritatively is the corruption of the world's financial system by usurious principles and ruthless profiteers. In this context, a number of approaches will need to be scrutinised, including that of Major Clifford Douglas, founder of Social Credit, and that of the Islamic Murabitun movement, led by the converted Scots writer, Ian Dallas.

I believe also that the vision of which I speak must involve an acceptance of an active British monarchy as the source of political authority and leadership. This means a monarch who is not a mere figurehead, but one who, under constitutional limitation, holds certain real powers of control over national governments. There are signs that Prince Charles could fulfil this role, if he resists the temptation to convert to Islam (We have to disagree on the question of this arch multi-racialist's suitability for such a position — Ed.)

Whether Australian nationalists have the wisdom to create this effective and comprehensive vision remains to be seen. If they do, the external circumstances are such that they will make history and become world leaders.

The poetical and political career of Ezra Pound

POUND was born on the 30th October, 1885 in Hailey, Idaho — a frontier town on the 5,000-foot contour with "forty-seven saloons and one hotel without locks on doors," to use his own words. The townsmen often wore guns.

Ezra was born, in a two-storied house which still stands today, to Homer Pound and Isabel Weston, both of whom came from good old American stock. Homer's father, Thaddeus, had been Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin and a Congressman three times, while Isabel was a second cousin of Longfellow. The Pound family had originally come from Shropshire two-and-a-half centuries earlier. Homer eventually became the assistant assayer to the US Mint. His son accompanied him on a visit to the Royal Mint in 1901 and, almost sixty years later, recalled seeing the large shovels of coins in *Canto 97*: "as I have seen them by shovel full lit by gas flares."

Some years earlier, in 1898, the young Pound had travelled with his great-aunt to Tunis, Gibraltar and Venice. He was impressed deeply by historic Europe, which was to form the imaginative backdrop to most of his poems. Eventually, he was to risk his life for the idea of a resurgent Europe, free from suicidal wars and economic depressions. Pound studied Romance Languages and gained an M.A. at the University of Pennsylvania, where he met and befriended William Carlos Williams and Hilda Doolittle, both distinguished poets in their own right.

We are accustomed to the travel-show platitudes about a shrinking world and the ease of travel, but something has been lost over the last century. After abandoning a teaching career at Wabash College, Indiana — he was forced to resign after four months because of bohemian behaviour — he left the USA in 1907 with \$80 in his pocket and travelled to Venice. There he had his first volume of poems, *A Lume Spento*, printed privately while living in a room above a gondola repair shop. For a time he tried to earn a living as a gondolier, but soon gave it up and devoted his time to viewing writing.

Pound's early poetry has always been considered to be 'non-political' and part of the late Victorian cult of beauty. But even in his first book there were signs of what was to come. For example, in the early verse *Faman Liboseque Cano*, we find the following:-

Scrawny, be-spectacled, out at heels,
Such an one as the world feels
A sort of curse against its guzzling
And its age-lasting wallow for red greed
And yet; full speed
Though it should run for its own getting,
Will turn aside to sneer at
'Cause he hath
No coin, no will to snatch the aftermath
Of Mammon

Mostly, though, the verse in *A Lume Spento* is very conventional, almost out of date even then, heavily influenced by High Victorian authors such as Tennyson. This is well illustrated by *Li Bel Chasteus*:-

That castle stands the highest in the land
Far-seen and mighty. Of the great hewn stones
What shall I say? And the deep foss way
That beneath us bore of old a swelling turbid sea
Hill borne and torrent-wise
Unto the fields below, where
Staunch villien and wandered
Burgher held the land and tilled
Long labouring for gold of wheat grain
And to see the beards come forth
For barley's eventide

Pound left Venice in the autumn of 1908 and travelled to England. He had two main objectives: to meet the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats and to publicise and sell his first book of poetry. He supported himself by writing occasional articles and delivering some lectures at the London Polytechnic. By 1909, when his second volume of poetry, *Personae*, was published, he was a close friend of Yeats and a regular attender at his literary evenings.

The Edwardian literary school of Imagism was both led and enthusiastically promoted by Pound. Although in some respects the

movement was little more than a publicity stunt, it did give a start to many promising young authors, including D. H. Lawrence and Marianne Moore. The Imagists insisted that poetry should be hard-edged and realistic. The classic Imagist poem was Ezra's own *In a Station of the Metro*:-

The apparition of those faces in the crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough

Apart from Pound himself, the most important Imagist was Thomas Edward Hulme, the anti-materialist philosopher. After being sent down from Cambridge for riotous behaviour, Hulme had worked as a labourer on a Canadian farm before returning to England and meeting Pound in London. Hulme's premature death was a great loss to this country. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have been a doughty intellectual fighter against liberalism and the rule of Gold.

The verse in Pound's next volume of poems, *Ripostes*, (1912) was more modern and direct than his earlier work, though there are still traces of the grand Victorian manner in such poems as *The Alchemist*. Slightly earlier than this, in 1910, he had published an enlarged version of his Polytechnic lectures on Southern European literature, entitled *The Spirit of Romance*. This contains many beautiful translations of troubadour verse, such as *The Lark*:-

When I see the lark a-moving
For joy his wings against the sunlight,
Who forgets himself and lets himself fall
For the sweetness which goes into his heart;
Ai! What great envy comes unto me for him whom/
I see so
rejoicing!

I marvel that my heart melts not for desiring.
Alas! I thought I knew so much
Of Love, and I know so little of it, for I cannot
Hold myself from loving
Her from whom I shall never have anything toward.
She hath all my heart from me, and she hath from/
me all my wit

Ezra Pound is the most controversial literary figure of this century. A study of his career raises many questions of great importance. In particular, his largest and most complex work, *The Cantos*, was written essentially as a warning to future generations which is more timely now than ever. IAN BUCKLEY therefore gives us the first part of a detailed insight into the life, beliefs and work of a giant of our tradition

And myself and all that is mine.
And when she took it from me she left me naught
Save desiring and a yearning heart.

In April 1914, just before the outbreak of the Great War, Pound married Dorothy Shakespear, the daughter of Olivia Shakespear. Both women were close associates of Yeats. Typically, Pound managed to get his occupation listed as 'poet' by the Registrar, though the pompous bureaucrat insisted on prefacing this designation with 'M.A.'

By this time, Pound was becoming interested in the world of economics. He saw the drab hand of commercialism lying over England, a blight which affected all creative artists. His younger contemporary, T. S. Eliot, a graduate of Harvard, the Sorbonne and Oxford, was forced to earn a crust as a bank clerk and junior school master.

These early political views were to be crystallised and hardened by the events of the war. Though not a combatant, Pound was horrified by the waste of life and the destruction. The time was apocalyptic: European civilisation seemed to be tearing itself to pieces. Personal grief came with the loss of close friends: the sculptor Henri Gaudier and T. E. Hulme both perished in the muddy trenches of Flanders.

the lake of bodies, aqua morta,
of limbs fluid, and mingled, like fish heaped in a
bin,
and here an arm upward, clutching a fragment of
marble...

(Canto 16)

Towards the end of the war, Pound devoted more time to criticism and to promoting the works of James Joyce, T. S. Eliot and William Carlos Williams. He was also becoming disenchanted with English society, which he saw as drifting slowly to oblivion. In 1917 he published *Quia Pauper Amavi*, a slim volume which contained the free translation *Homage to Sextus Propertius* and the first three *Cantos*.

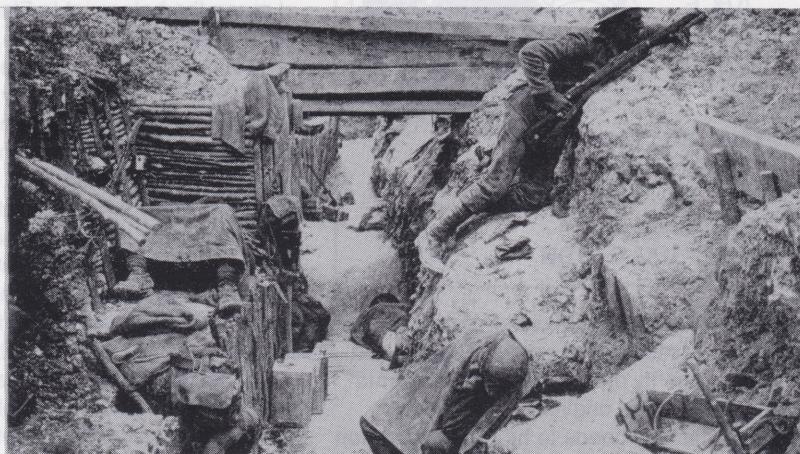
Then quiet water,
quiet in the buff sands,
Sea-fowl stretching wing-joints,
splashing in rock-hollows and sand-hollows
In the wave-runs by the half-dune;
Glass-glint of wave in the tide-rips against sunlight,
pallor of Hesperus,
Grey peak of the wave,
wave, colour of grape's pulp

Olive grey in the near,
far, smoke grey of the rock-slide,
Salmon-pink wings of the fish-hawk
cast grey shadows in water...

(from the Second Canto)

Some of Pound's early notes and drafts for the *Cantos* date to around 1907 and he probably first had the idea of a long poem in 1904. *Cantos I - III* establish the idea of a journey towards enlightenment: In writing this epic,

"Eye-deep in hell." Like so many of the artists of his generation, Pound was profoundly shocked and influenced by the futile carnage and waste of the First World War



Pound was trying to produce an alternative history of the West. As time went on and the form of the *Cantos* became clear, the poem became the story of the struggle against USURA — Pound expressed his hatred of capitalism in almost mediaeval terms. Very simply, he viewed history as a struggle between predatory finance and the people, aided by strong popular leaders such as Thomas Jefferson, Napoleon and Mussolini.

Shortly after completing the first three *Cantos*, Pound met Major Clifford Douglas, the founder of the Social Credit Movement. Douglas had seen in a flash the essential valuelessness of gold and money when, during the Dardanelles campaign, he had seen a man refuse to sell his last cup of water for a whole golden guinea. An industrial engineer, Douglas went on to notice that, under the present financial system, purchasing power lags behind the cost of goods produced.

Douglas saw clearly that the ultimate control of industry was financial: the issuers of credit control the commanding heights of the economy. Yet real credit, as opposed to financial instruments, was a social product, a measure of the reserve of energy belonging to a community. His verdict was radical: "The State should lend, not borrow. In this respect, as in others, the Capitalist usurps the function of the State."

After his meeting with Major Douglas, Pound became an enthusiastic propagandist for Social Credit or, as he often preferred to term it, Economic Democracy. The theory explained everything: a considerable

proportion of production had to be exported or wasted to stop the supply of goods from completely outrunning the supply of money. The resulting competition for export markets was one of the principal causes of war.

Public borrowing from the banks financed munition purchases, so Pound concluded that bankers and arms manufacturers had an unholy alliance to create unnecessary wars for financial advantage. Waste, depressions, unemployment and war were therefore inevitable in the Western plutocracies, under the ultimate control of the international bankers.

Pound left England in December 1920, never to return except briefly for the Westminster Abbey memorial service for T. S. Eliot in 1965. The poetic sequence *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* forms his farewell to England. In brief, bitter phrases, he sums up the horror of the war and the betrayal which followed:-

walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men's lies, then
came home, home to a lie,
home to many deceits,
home to old lies and new infamy;
usury age-old and age-thick
and liars in public places.

Daring as never before, wastage as never before
Young blood and high blood,
Fair cheeks, and fine bodies;

Nothing has really changed — yet Pound
was perceptive enough to see as long ago as
1920 that Britain was losing her way.

Continued next month

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The Editor
'Spearhead'
c/o PO Box 117,
Welling,
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SIR: I greatly enjoyed Michael Walsh's article on classical music. He is right in saying that the vast majority of musical geniuses came from fairly humble origins — something which constantly needs to be reiterated when people try to make a 'class' thing out of the divisions between classical and 'pop'. It has of course been a shrewd trick by the internationalists to create a 'working-class culture' which is somehow different from the cultures of other social groups in the population. The true cultural divisions are of course not social but racial.

The distinctively nationalist composer, Vaughan Williams, once said that:

"Music is a spiritual necessity. The art of music above all other arts is the expression of the soul of a nation, and by a nation I mean not necessarily aggregates of people, artificially divided from each other by political frontiers or economic barriers. What I mean is any community of people who are spiritually bound together by language, environment, history and common ideas and, above all, a continuity with the past."

This was probably as far as he felt he could go towards saying that music is racial — a fact which has certainly been understood all too well by the internationalists who have used music as one of their foremost weapons for spiritually emasculating Britain and all the other European nations.

PHILIP HALL
London SW7

SIR: In the light of the police harassment of party members and supporters in Poole, Dorset, I urge those present to lodge complaints with the Police Complaints Authority.

Every officer in attendance would then have to be interviewed formally and explain their actions, statements would have to be taken from everyone who complained — which, in this case, would include several members from different police authority areas — and a report would then have to be sent to the Chief Constable of Dorset.

This would result in two things: (1) All officers would be officially warned to be extra careful and correct in any future dealings with the BNP, and, (2) Word would go out that it is not an easy option to harass party members.

D. CROCKETT
Birmingham

SIR: Who can deny the holocaust?

I mean the holocaust in Flanders in WWI, the holocaust in the Western Desert, in the North Atlantic convoys, in the aerial bombing of civilians, on the Normandy Beaches, at the Caen Breakout. If we speak and write endlessly about these human tragedies, it will put the special pleadings of the Holocaust lobby into perspective.

The noted but inaccurate historical novelist Thomas Kenneally recently attacked Pauline Hanson's brave pro-Australian speech to the Australian Parliament as "a station of the road to Auschwitz." In much the same way, Labour leftist Anthony Wedgwood Benn tried to answer Enoch Powell's 1968 warning on immigration by referring to "the flag of Belsen" flying over Wolverhampton Town Hall.

This is an old tactic, but why should we allow allegations of atrocities more than fifty years ago to 'justify' turning white nations such as Britain and Australia into parts of the Third World?

R. TANDY
Kings Lynn, Norfolk

SIR: A newspaper in Glasgow reported an alarming incident at a local school. Slabs of concrete cladding, some three inches thick, fell off the building into the playground.

It was reported that maintenance had been neglected for years. As a result, the pointing between the slabs had deteriorated, letting in driving rain. This seeped into the metal stanchions which held the heavy slabs fixed to the wall. These steadily rusted away, until the slabs came crashing down.

Fortunately, there were no children present in the playground at the time. Had there been, they could easily have been killed or, at the very least, seriously injured.

The authorities pleaded shortage of funds for even essential maintenance work. Why is there this cash shortage? Because the Government is scrambling desperately to try to find funds to pay off the extortionate usury they owe to the big bankers.

Do we have to wait until school children are brained by falling concrete slabs before action is taken against the cuts in public expenditure which are being made to pay off the greedy sharks of finance capitalism?

HARRY MULLIN
Glasgow

SIR: In your observation that there are no, or very few, honourable men or women of integrity in parliament, the suggestion put across is that decent types are so repelled by the antics there that they do not come forward and apply for the job.

No doubt this is true in some cases, but I do not think that it is the whole truth. The fact is that no decent men would get past the selection committees of the old parties. Do not forget that the selection committees do not just judge a prospective candidate by what he says. They also obtain background

knowledge from people who know him.

If there is no background knowledge, he doesn't stand a dog's chance, while any candidate who had sane views on law and order, morality, family life, justice or the EU wouldn't get past such a committee either.

The second point I'd like to enlarge on is your quite correct statement that most of the people of Ireland are exceedingly pro-EU. This is partly owing to the influence of the Catholic church, which is pro-European. Also, the Irish Free State gets a disproportionate share from the European pot — to which, of course, we contribute a disproportionate amount.

I would hazard a guess that when parliament has lost even more power than it has already to Brussels, then the 'Irish question' will be dealt with by powers outside of Britain.

D. CHAPMAN
Louth, Lincs.

SIR: Before the war, if memory serves, I understood that the press was "the bulwark of our freedom."

But for many years now, since the war, the press seems to have been more concerned about the 'rights' of immigrants than the freedom of native Britons. The media as a whole has played a major role in creating, maintaining and nurturing the disastrous multi-racialisation of our society.

B. COUPE
Bradford, West Yorks.

SIR: Film and theatre producer/director Sir Peter Hall is making a six-part TV series of *Sacred Hunger*, Barry Unsworth's Booker Prize-winning novel about the African slave trade. Seeking finance for his project, he approached an American TV company, which offered to help provided that none of the slave traders was portrayed as black, even though many of them were, and were identified in Unsworth's book as being so.

Sir Peter refused the dictates of what he calls the 'puritanical Stalinism' of the US media/establishment, and went elsewhere for his finance. He has since voiced his concerns at political correctness as censorship and, interestingly, perceives little difference in the political correctness quotients of the two major political parties.

But, as is always the case when political correctness is on the media agenda, attention is focussed on its 'excesses' and never on the concept itself. Sir Peter can't bite the hand that feeds him; even though he may find its excesses irksome when they interfere with a pet project, he is essentially of the politically correct mindset. Criticising the Americans for being frightened of black opinion, he offered the rider: "It's wonderful that there is a black opinion to be frightened of." And I suppose it's a pleasure to be frightened of it as well!

D. HOWDEN
Batley, West Yorks.

BOOKS

AGRICOLA and **GERMANIA** (Tacitus). £6.00. The great Roman historian describes our Celtic and German ancestors in about 100 AD. Two books in one volume. This ed. 1970, 175pp.

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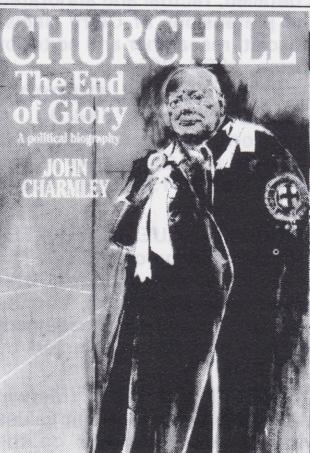
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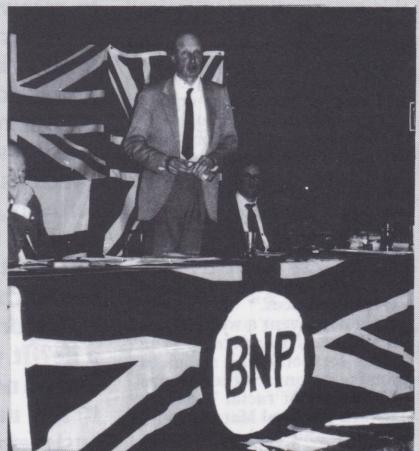
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Hear:-

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WINNING PEOPLE OVER

IAN BUCKLEY with some tips on targeted recruitment

They are trying their luck with us now

YOU report that the Teme Valley Youth Project is seeking a new home. The reason for this is that, in a very uncharacteristic show of unanimity, the people of Leintwardine threw them and their project out.

In Wigmore we have all recently received a leaflet from this organisation, indicating that they now intend to try their luck with us. A small quote from this leaflet will give a flavour of the whole.

"Designed to promote equality of opportunity through the challenging of oppressions such as racism and sexism and all those which spring from differences of culture, race, language, sexual identity, gender, disability, age, religion and class, and through the celebration of the diversity and strengths which arise from those differences."

I did not invent a word of this drivel but, if I understand the writer correctly, she seems to promise amongst other things to bring about racial harmony between the local Matabele and Mongols, and Pathan warriors oppressed by us peasants for wearing make-up, while boy Scouts are encouraged to become Girl Guides, with the help of "counselling" from the project.

She and her collaborators must find a berth soon, or they will have to give back the money, all £700,000 of it. That's her problem, and she is not going to make it ours.

4/14/97 William Foster, Spindlebank, School Lane, Wigmore.

EVEN though external circumstances are moving in our favour, nationalists do still face an uphill struggle in recruiting from the general population. Stated bluntly, the mass of the public has been conditioned to regard us as, as dangerous 'extremists'.

It's an attitude I once shared. When I first sent off for copies of *British Nationalist* and *Spearhead*, I did so out of a spirit of curiosity, fully expecting to receive some lunatic material which would make a rapid journey to the rubbish bin. But it wasn't like that at all; after a quick read I became interested, then angry. You could pick up a video of Bernard Manning's over-the-top 'racist' humour at any of several hundred different stores, but John Tyndall's vitally important essays had to be obtained furtively, under the counter.

Did the 'anti-racists' have a completely different agenda to the purported one of love, brotherhood and freedom? Indeed, was the entire 'orthodox' history of the twentieth century a lie? It was a personal moment of revelation. But we need millions of 'moments of revelation' if the nation is to be saved from ruin and enslavement.

Clearly, distributing leaflets is essential — it makes our active presence felt to a huge and growing number of people, and attracts a steady trickle of enquiries and recruits. But large numbers of such leaflets inevitably go to people who have no interest in politics whatsoever, and no talent to offer us even if they did get involved. An additional approach is therefore also needed: targeted recruitment through mail-shots to specially selected addresses.

It goes without saying that there are a lot of angry and dissatisfied people about. Our potential constituency is enormous: 60 per cent of the adult population is insecure, either unemployed or uncertain about the future of their employment. Of the remaining 40 per cent who do have steady, full-time jobs, a very considerable proportion are low-paid and debt-ridden. These are the very same sort of people that Jean-Marie Le Pen is appealing to so successfully in France. Once they have plucked up the courage to break free from the fungoid embrace of the old parties, they are ours.

Thought and action

Where do we find our best prospects? Well, the person who writes an angry letter to a newspaper about some aspect of the parlous state of the country, about the corruption of MPs or the theft of our freedoms, has taken two important steps: he or she has not only begun to *think*, but also to take some concrete *action* by expressing concern in public. Some of the quality daily newspapers print the full postal addresses of correspondents, as do many academic/trade journals. In the case of newspapers which only print incomplete details, one can usually find the full address by cross-referencing with the appropriate telephone directory. The letters pages of Teletext and Ceefax can also be good sources of names.

Another, weaker, but still promising idea for targeted recruitment is to make use of the Electoral Roll (available at libraries if you ask nicely). Of what use is this outside of election times, you might ask?

Well, fertile groups for the nationalist recruiter are the old and the young — two groups that have suffered particularly badly under free-trade liberalism. New voters are identified on the roll by the date of their 18th

How to obtain *Spearhead*

Don't miss your monthly copy of *Spearhead* — Britain's premier nationalist magazine. Becoming a subscriber guarantees that you'll keep your collection up to date with regular copies 'hot off the press.' And income from subscriptions helps to maintain *Spearhead*'s long record of frank and fearless comment on the state of Britain and the world. So subscribe today!

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All cheques and postal or money orders should be made out to *Spearhead* and sent to PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW. Please do not include a payment for *Spearhead* in a remittance which includes payment for other items.

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The current issue has a powerful front page on the "new era for nationalism," and how its beginning in Britain was marked by the BNP's general election effort, which another feature describes as: "the campaign they said couldn't be done." Plus: free speech; custard pies; who bought the Tories ... and much more!

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After the election

ENQUIRIES POUR IN

birthdays, when they become eligible to vote. Their slightly older brothers and sisters may also be identifiable if they are still living at home: two people with the same surname at the same address are likely to be the parents, others grown-up children. Darrens, Sharons and the like are probably in their early twenties. Many of this group will be either unemployed, on cheap labour schemes or at university or college accumulating debts and with no likelihood of a decent job at the end of their course. Go for them!

Worth a try

Older voters can often be identified too. Old-fashioned names such as Hannah, Ethel and Albert are likely to be people who can remember the days before the glorious multi-racial experiment.

Once you have a list of target names and addresses, the fun can begin. Send them a *BN*, a *Spearhead*, or neat photocopies of selected articles. A covering letter is the most important part of any package that is sent to a potential new recruit. Be polite and friendly: say to the recipient that they are welcome to throw the material away if they wish, but invite them to read it with an open mind before they do so. Tell them that we are not the hate-filled bigots of media legend, but people who have answers to the deadly serious problems facing Britain. Inform them too that we are not 'haters'; our belief is simply that each and every race — including our own — has the right to maintain its culture, traditions and ethnic integrity.

If you have chosen your target list well, such a reasoned approach to people who are already at least partly on our wavelength is bound to make an impact. Human nature and cowardice being what they are, the majority of them still won't get involved, but some will suddenly find — as I did — their true political home. And because the letter-writers among them are people who have already crossed the line to activism, every one of them will be worth a dozen couch-potatoes. Good hunting!

OFFICIAL BNP MERCHANDISE

BNP MUGS. White ceramic mugs with the official logo from British Nationalist (Union Jack flag with BNP roundel overlapping). Printed in red, white and blue. £3.80 each or £3.30 each if ordering more than one. For bulk orders of 11 or more, only £2.80 each. All prices include p&p. Please make cheques/POs payable to 'BNP Southern Region' and send to: *The Secretary, P.O. Box 300, Emma Street, London E2 7BZ.*

All profits from sales go to central party funds, so by buying these top quality mugs you help fund the BNP's Battle for Britain. Order yours today!

THE BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY is now starting to reap the benefit of its 55-seat general election campaign. In consequence of the party's TV and radio broadcasts and more than two million pieces of literature distributed through the post, huge public interest in the BNP has now been generated. To date, between 2,500 and 3,000 enquiries have been received and the enquiries are still coming in! Lately, these enquiries have started to materialise into actual membership applications. This process will be speeded up as branches around the country start to follow up the enquiries with personal calls on those interested.

In anticipation of this big wave of interest

in the party, BNP Headquarters has prepared a new 'Information Pack' consisting of two items, which include a synopsis of party policies, details of membership, a sample copy of *British Nationalist* newspaper and advertisements for other items of literature, which include a new booklist featuring all publications handled by the party (the first of its kind). Not least in importance, there is a special appeal for financial donations.

Quite soon, the party will be organising a series of meetings in all the localities where a high enquiry rate has been achieved, with enquirers invited to come and hear leading party speakers and, if they wish, question them on BNP policy.

MONEY STILL NEEDED!

As we stated on this page last month, the general election made very big financial demands on the British National Party, and the party needs now to top up its funds so as to be able to exploit the opportunities ahead. As one major example, in order to pay printing bills, money has been borrowed from various supporters which must very soon be repaid. In addition, money is needed to finance a big expansion programme made possible by the high rate of enquiries about the party generated by the election.

The BNP must therefore again appeal for contributions. Please mark all payments 'British National Party' and send to: c/o PO Box 117, Welling, Kent DA16 3DW.

New from Steven Books: Mosley Memorabilia.

Mosley posters: Black & white posters. A3 size, 3 different types. £2 each. Mosley postcards: 12 unique black & white postcards featuring Mosley and his supporters. Only £3 per set.

BUF replica full colour enamelled badges. £2 each. All prices include p&p.

Only available from: STEVEN BOOKS, 10 Lincoln Way, Enfield, Middx, EN1 1TE

Remember the BNP in your will!

We wish all our readers a long life, but none of us can stay on this earth for ever. Have you ever thought about how you can help the cause when you are gone?

The British National Party has benefitted immensely from a few of its supporters remembering the party in their wills. In most cases the money has been invested so as to guarantee the party a regular income, rather than being spent all in one go.

Why not become one of these benefactors yourself? Whatever you do, make sure you do not die intestate and so let your estate go to prop up the anti-British Establishment!

It is natural that if you have a family you should wish to provide for them, but nevertheless you may well like to set aside something for the good cause as well. If, on the other hand, you have no next of kin, there is all the more reason for ensuring that the Cause gets something by which to remember you.

If you require any advice on this matter, please ring or write in and we will be pleased to help.

WHITE AND PROUD!

There is a lot of talk these days about Black pride, Muslim pride, Jewish pride, Asian pride, even 'gay' pride. In fact, there is only one major segment of the population of Britain — and, indeed, the world — which is not encouraged to take pride in its heritage and in the achievements of its ancestors. That group is the white race.

The lack of white pride is a truly sad and strange thing, because no group has more to be proud of than the white people of the world. The glories and greatness that the men and women of our race have won over the centuries should serve as a source of eternal pride and inspiration to white people everywhere.

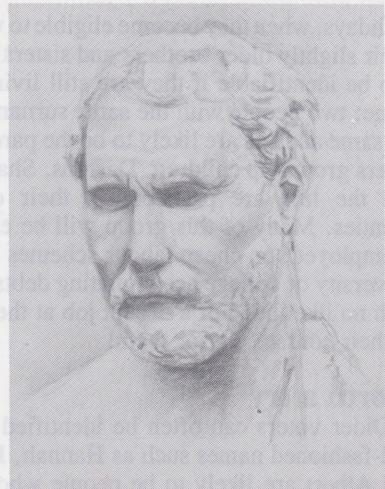
Since the dawn of history, we have been a mighty race of builders, explorers, artists, warriors, inventors, philosophers, craftsmen and farmers. We have sailed the seas, tamed vast wildernesses, scaled towering mountains, and journeyed to the depths of the oceans and into the icy void of outer space. We have built great civilisations, created breathtaking works of beauty and made deserts bloom.

The technological achievements of our people, from the megalithic observatory of Stonehenge to the moon-walk of the Apollo astronauts, are unequalled. Through white science and technology, we now not only know about the way in which the impact of huge meteorites has repeatedly wiped out most life on earth, but would probably be able to stop it happening again. Truly, we are the guardians of the planet.

We have devised sublime philosophies, conquered deadly diseases and performed soul-stirring acts of heroism and self-sacrifice.



.... to the Apollo moon-landings.
The achievements of our race
are boundless and unrivaled



From the sculpture and philosophy
of Ancient Greece and Rome

We are the race of Shakespeare, Leonardo da Vinci, Beethoven and Homer. We are the sons and daughters of Leif Ericson, Christopher Columbus, Sir Francis Drake and Magellan. We are the folk of Alexander, Caesar, Clive, Wolfe, Nelson and Washington. We are the descendants of Pythagoras, Galileo, Copernicus, Newton and Darwin.

Just to list the great accomplishments of our race would take the work of a lifetime. No one has more to be proud of than we do!

In order for an individual to be psychologically healthy, he or she must have a clear-cut sense of identity and self-worth. And for our race as a whole to be strong and healthy, white people everywhere must develop a sense of racial identity and racial worth. There is no better way to attain this very necessary level of racial awareness than by having pride in your people and their accomplishments. There is no need to hate or to run down others; simply love and honour your own.

So take pride in your race — pride in what we have achieved in days gone by, and pride in what we will yet accomplish as we reach for the stars.

BE WHITE AND PROUD!

BRITISH NATIONAL PARTY

For more information send 50p,
or a larger donation, to:-

The Secretary
c/o P.O. Box 117,
WELLING
KENT DA16 3DW
'PHONE 0374-454893

Name.....

Address.....

.....

I enclose